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# MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCE IN SMETHPORT

## Impressive Exercises Were Witnessed by Many Citizens and Visitors.

## JUDGE BOUTON DELIVERS ORATION.

### The Day Was Perfect and the Parade Imposing—Exercises at the Cemetery Were Impressive—Excellent Music—Coleville Band Was Visitors.

With the whole year to choose from, a more perfect day could not have been selected than was Monday, for paying proper tribute to our Nation's dead. Memorial Day should always be a beautiful day in weather and in deeds, but none could be dissatisfied with the one just past.

Smethport, as has always been its custom, observed the day as it should be with a solemn celebration instead of in a frivilous fashion. At two o'clock the parade which consisted of Marshall Sheridan Gorton and Aides, Smethport I. O. O. F. Band, Smethport Hose Company, Coleville Band, Smethport Lodge of Odd Fellows, McKean Post No. 347, G. A. R., and other comrades in carriages, formed in front of the court house. The line of march was down Main to Mechanic, to Bank, to Nelson, to Cemetery and on returning from the cemetery the parade was in reverse order.

The exercises at the cemetery were unusually beautiful and impressive. The program as given last week was carried out with the exception of the music by the glee club, which did not appear owing to the fact that Dr. H. L. McCoy, who always leads this club, was obliged to be at the bedside of his daughter, Mrs. McQuistion, at Erie. The address delivered by the President of the Day, Hon. Thomas A. Morrison was full of excellent things which should be indelibly stamped in the memory of his many hearers. The exercises of the Post were conducted by Comrade Hon. J. M. McElroy of Bradford, formerly of Smethport, and his many friends enjoyed hearing his voice and seeing him at this gathering. This was followed by the strewing of flowers on the graves of the departed heroes of our wars and our deceased firemen by their comrades and fellow firemen. Lincoln's famous address at Gettysburg was read by Guy B. Mayo, Esq., which was followed by an oration by Hon. Joseph W. Bouton. The oration should have been heard by every person in the county and for the benefit of those who were so unfortunate as not to hear it we publish it in connection with this article. Rev. W. A. Harris delivered the opening prayer and Rev. J. F. Dugan pronounced the benediction. Between the numbers and during the parade appropriate music was rendered by the I. O. O. F. and Coleville bands.

The Coleville Band played a surprise on our people but they were welcome guests, and many will unite with the MINER in inviting them to come again. Both are young bands but they are making rapid progress and it will not be long before they will be in the front ranks as musical organizations.

### JUDGE BOUTON'S ORATION.

Mr. President, Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On May 5, 1868, General John A. Logan, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order appointing May 30th of that year for Grand Army services in decorating graves of soldiers. The day so appointed being the date of the discharge of the last Union soldiers of the war. Since then all the states have adopted it singly and have made it a legal holiday.

At each annual recurrence of this day as we listen to and take part in its solemn services, as we listen to the soft music of the funeral dirge and hear the beating of muffled drums, as we see the old comrades carrying the old flag for which they fought, march slowly by toward the Silent City of the Dead, and there see them placing upon the graves of their departed comrades the fairest flowers of Spring, our thoughts turn back to a time long since passed, and we live over again these days of national peril. In fancy we hear again the news of the assault upon Sumter, we hear the call for troops, we see the brave boys leaving their homes and friends and rushing to their country's aid.

Those were days when mothers gave up their sons, wives their husbands, and sweethearts their lovers, and as Abraham of old, at the command of God, offered up his son, so those mothers, wives and sweethearts, at their country's call, placed upon its altar their most precious sacrifices. We see the tearful partings from those loved ones, we see those saintly women on bended knee and hear their prayers for the preservation of their loved ones, and for the success of the Union arms. We hear again the news of each great battle fought, and our souls are filled with emotions of despair and sorrow at defeat, and hope and joy at success. We scan the lists of killed and wounded, and feel relief when we find not the names of our friends therein; but grief when that list tells us of the death or misfortune of someone dear to us. We hear the news of those captured, of their confinement in prison pens, of their sufferings from hunger and disease, and finally the glad tidings of the surrender of the enemy; and then we see the home coming of the boys in blue. Not all, for many of them have fallen in battle, many have died of disease, but those who survived the terrible struggle, not as they marched away in the prime and vigor of their young manhood, but maimed and battle-scarred, broken in body, yet proud in spirit, and bearing upon their brows those laurels to which they are justly entitled. Wives, mothers and friends turn out to meet them, they are welcomed by all, joy and happiness is on every hand and written on every face. But what of those who were left behind, sleeping their long last sleep beneath a Southern Sun? True, they are deprived of their share of this earthly happiness, but when the last trumphet shall awaken them from that sleep called death, "Verily they shall have their reward," and by and through Him whose justice, wisdom and goodness is infinite will that reward be commensurate their sacrifices.

Of the various incidents of those times from '61 to '65, much of prose and poetry has been written which serves to instruct and entertain. But nothing can so stir the memory and flood it with all those incidents, nothing can so impress us with their importance, what they mean to us and to future generations, what we owe to those who fought to preserve our national integrity and save the flag, like the object lessons presented by the solemn services of this day.

With feelings of thankfulness we meditate upon what has been done for us and our hearts turn in gratitude toward those who for us and their country's salvation bared their breasts and poured out their life blood.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping pilgrim there."

In that wonderful address delivered at Gettysburg by the immortal Lincoln, to which we have just listened, are these words: "They gave their lives that their country might live." What more could they offer? Philanthropists have given of their abundance to charity, have founded colleges and free libraries, the widow gave her mite and received the blessing of the Christ, but they suffered death for us.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me,
As he died to make men holy, so they died to make men free."

"They gave their lives that their country might live," might live for us, might live for our children, our children's children, a glorious heritage to us and our decendants down to the end of time.

It is, therefore, eminently fitting that upon this day we show our gratitude by putting aside our daily vocations and joining together with one accord, honor ourselves by doing honor to those to whom we are so much indebted for the privileges which we are permitted to enjoy.

Let us not look upon this day as a day for the old soldier only, but a day for us all. Not a day for sport and recreation, but a holy day, a day for thought and meditation, a day of thanksgiving, and a day of teaching wherein all may learn the duty of American citizenship, to the end that future generations may have born in them the instincts of true patriotism.

We are a nation of patriots. It was patriotism that inspired our forefathers to throw off the British yoke; that sustained them through their long struggle for liberty; that guided the pen in the hands of those, who, knowing their act would be looked upon as treason against the English Crown, and that it was liable to be punished as such, yet dared to sign their names to that wonderful document which proclaimed to all the world American Independence.

It was patriotism which gave us freedom from foreign rule, and has given us the victory in all our wars, both at home and abroad.

It was patriotism, when our flag was fired upon at Sumter, that the call for volunteers caused 75,000 men to leave their homes and families, to abandon their peaceful pursuits and rush to its defense, and which at each successive call for troops fired the hearts of thousands of our brave boys and inspired them to rally round the flag.

It was patriotism that helped to sustain the hearts of those brave women of our land in their hour of trial when called upon to part with those most dear and helped to comfort them when cruel war had robbed them of their loved ones.

Patriotism made immortal the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and McKinley, and is the inspiration of the fearless Roosevelt. It has made us what we are, the greatest among the powers of earth: a nation and a country that fears no foe, and acknowledges no higher power save only that of the King of Kings; a nation in which at last there is no North and no South, one government, one people, one country and one God.

When we speak of patriotism we are apt to associate the term with war and restrict its application to deeds of bravery and daring in times of war. In one of our modern dictionaries I find these definitions of patriotism: "Love of one's fatherland," "Devotion to the interest and welfare of one's country," "The passion which aims to serve one's country and to maintain its laws and institutions."

Let us, therefore, teach and practice patriotism in its most comprehensive sense. It is not a quality to lie dormant in times of peace and only to be resurrected when our national life is threatened by force of arms, but a quality to be kept at all times thoroughly awake and active, that the interests and welfare of our country may be subserved, and that our laws and institutions may be maintained.

We want patriotism in public and private life. Give us men in public office who act only for the best interests of the people. There is a saying that "To the victor belong the spoils." With too many spoils are the only incentive, the object sought, the end desired, they consider not their fitness for the office sought, considering that the real wishes of the people, remember not that "Public office is a public trust," but from selfish motives alone, use all means in their power, lawful and unlawful, to attain the position sought, commit perjury when they take the oath of office, and soothe their guilty conscience by trying to believe that saying which might have been the offspring of wisdom, but which has been productive of much harm, that "the end justifies the means." It is deplorable that in this fair land of ours such men have been elevated to positions of trust and confidence; but we have only to point to conditions existing in the past in the greatest cities of own state and to resent exposures of the crimes of those holding important positions of trust in this Commonwealth, to cause the blush of shame to mount on our cheeks and force us to admit that such is the fact. Out with such men! those Judases! the modern Esaus! they are strangers to patriotism, they have no place in the ranks of American citizens, but are traitors to their country. Give us more of the Big Stick and more of its generous use. We want patriotism at the polls; give us men who are willing to "render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's" and unwilling to become accessory to the crime of embezzlement by public officials, dare to do the right thing at all times and under all circumstances, who are not hide-bound, who dare turn aside from the path marked out by political bosses who play the game of politics, not for the good of the public, but solely for selfish ends, when that path is not the one in which an honest citizen may travel and look his neighbor in his face; and without fear or favor following the dictates of their own consciences, placing principle above party, have the manhood to stand up for truth, right and justice, and cast their ballots accordingly. We want men in office, unselfish, God-fearing, truth and justice loving, who realize that they are the servants of the people and who are faithful to their trust. We want men in all walks of private life who are willing by their influence to assist every worthy cause; who ungrudgingly give of their substance to those institutions organized for the betterment of the conditions of the unfortunate, the downtrodden and oppresred; who are willing at all times to sacrifice something for the public good; who believe in justice and are willing at all times to aid in its administration; who cheerfully pay all lawful taxes levied against them for public use, and who realize that every citizen, however humble, owes a duty to his country and his fellowmen which cannot be shirked, but which each must perform for himself. This is the kind of patriotism we want, and a nation peopled with this kind of patriots will never fail, but grow in strength and prosperity.

In some of our larger citicies vice in numerous forms is allowed to thrive and offenders go "unwhipped of justice" through the tolerence of those in authority whose duty it is to supress it. And it is even charged and in some cases proven that criminals pay tribute to the powers for the privilege of being permitted, unmolested, to ply their unlawful trades. In other instances, political influence insures immunity from prosecution, and others the umbrella of protection is held over offenders because to disturb them would mean a loss to merchants and dealers who make a profit in supplying them with their wares.

Small crimes are at first winked at and allowed to go unpunished until the moral sensibilities are so blunted and conscience so seared that greater crimes lose their hideousness.

Shakespeare expressed this thought when he wrote "If little faults proceeding from distemper shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye when capital crimes chewed, swallowed and digested appear before us."

And Pope portrayed clearly the tendency of human nature in this regard in his wonderful essay on man wherein he says: "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien as to be hated needs but to be seen, yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Give us men who have the moral courage to insist on the enforcement of the law under all circumstances, who place the public good above self-interest, above party politics and above public sentiment when public sentiment is in favor of those things which are against good morals and common decency.

All over our land there are thousands of homeless and friendless children, those little waifs of the street, sleeping in alleys and doorways, subsisting on charity and the crumbs that fall from the tables of those more fortunate, and who when forced by cold and hunger lay the foundation for a career of crime by committing some petty theft, and finding that they are not punished, go on and on from bad to worse until we have the hardened criminal in one who, under different circumstances, might have grown up an honored and respected citizen. What we need is legislation looking to the betterment of the conditions of these children, providing homes for them, institutions supported at the public expense, where they can be sent by those in authority and where they may be taught, educated, cared for and trained as near as may be in the same manner as they ought to be by natural parents. We have our penitentiaries, work houses, reformatories and jails. But we want places for these children where they may be trained in such a manner that those penal institutions will not be needed for them.

Let us then use our influence to secure such needed legislation, firmly believing that in so doing we are acting for the best interests of society and our country and doing our duty as true American citizens and patriots.

And now, as year by year this day comes to us, and we gather as upon this occasion, and as year by year we see the ranks of the veterans grow thinner and thinner, and the graves to decorate increase in numbers, let us not forget, let us not lose interest in these services, but let us impress upon those who are to take our places in the battle of life the importance of perpetuating the day with all that it means to us and to them, that they and future generations may realize what the most glorious country upon which God's sun ever shown cost in blood, tears, sorrow and treasure, may know what it means to be an American citizen; may be taught lessons of patriotism, and have that word in its broadest sense indelibly impressed upon their hearts to the end that our glorious country with its privileges and free institutions so dearly bought may ever be cherished and preserved, and our flag which we so dearly love remain unspotted and unsullied so long as time shall last.

### Vaudeville Attraction.

The vaudeville show at the Lyceum, Saturday evening next, for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's church, promises to be the best entertainment in that line ever given here and Father Dugan is to be congratulated on securing the co-operation and assistance of such splendid performers as Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kelley and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Haight, who have already given Smethport one of the best entertainments we have ever had in the Lyceum. Following is a program of the show to be given Saturday night.

"The Ashes of Adam"—comedy by Messrs. Haight, Kelley and Mrs. Kelley.

"Lovers Lane"—a rural episode; Mrs. Bouton and Mr. Quinlisk.

Dramatic Readings—Irma Wells.

"Ye Old Home Choir,"—arranged by Mrs. Victor Bouton.

"The Wayside Inn,"—comedy; Mr. and Mrs. Kelley.

Cornet solo—Mr. Bennett.

Japanese Love Scene—Misses Hungerford and Wells, and Felix Southwick.

Vocal Duet—Miss Freeman and Robert Daly.

"The Cowman,"—comedy; Messrs. Haight, Kelley and Mrs. Haight.

Mrs. H. O. Wells and Mrs. Victor Bouton are working hard to have the local numbers make a good showing. The prices will be 25, 35 and 50 cents, and the program shows that never before have we been offered so much for the money.

### Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Wanted: Large tract of cheap land —5,000 acres or more. Star Realty Company, 326 Fourth ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

# CHILD NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH UNDER WAGON.

## Robert Hamilton Run Down by Frightened Team on Main Street.

## ESCAPED WITH SLIGHT BRUISES.

### Was Riding Child's Auto Wagon at Corner of Main and Mechanic Streets—His Auto a Complete Wreck—Accident Happened Saturday Afternoon.

Robert Hamilton, Jr., the six-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, had a miraculous escape from an awful death last Saturday afternoon between five and six o'clock, and it is the best kind of luck that he is alive and well to-day.

The little follow was riding on the sidewalk in his auto wagon and as he neared the intersection of Main and Mechanic street a big team employed on the paving job and hauling one of the heavy wagons became frightened by a passing automobile. The driver could not manage his team and Robert could not stop his car and the little follow was dashed under the wagon before either could be stopped by the many men who saw the accident and attempted to save the child.

The heavy wheels of the wagon struck the boy and auto wagon, crushing it into splinters and nearly everyone who saw it thought the wheels also passed over the child's body. The little fellow jumped up and started for home before anyone could reach him but he had only taken a few steps when he lost consciousness and fell into Robert Daly's arms, who carried his limp form into the Hamilton flat nearby.

Everybody thought the child was in a dying condition, and Dr. Hamilton being out on a call, other doctors were summoned. Dr. Chadwick was the first to see the child and it was a pleasant surprise when he announced that Robert was apparently uninjured, aside from several slight bruises and a bad case of fright. Such, however, proved to be the case and to-day he is just as well as ever.

How the child escaped being fatally injured is beyond the comprehension of those who saw the accident. No one was to blame, it being one of those accidents that cannot be avoided.

### Cherries Rotting on the Trees.

A number of inquiries were received lately by the Division of Zoology of the Penn. Department of Agriculture for a formula for a spraying mixture to be used on peach, plum and cherry trees to keep the fruit from rotting. The answer of Prof. H. A. Surface, the State Zoologist, is as follows:

"The ripe rot or brown rot is due to a fungous disease, which attacks the ripening fruit of peach, plum and cherry trees, and is to be prevented by spraying before or about the time the fruit is half grown with the self-boiled lime-sulphur wash. Into a barrel put eight pounds of fresh lime or quick lime and eight pounds of sulphur, and into this pour four or five gallons of hot water, and cover it with a cloth to keep in the heat. Stir occasionally with a hoe or something to keep it from burning to the bottom and to keep it from settling too much. Let it remain an hour. Then dilute it to fifty gallons, and spray it over the trees. Cold water should be used for diluting. Repeat this after a hard rain, or if it does not rain repeat it in a week or two, and continue until just before the fruit commences to ripen, when there is no need to continue the spraying, because to spray it on ripening fruit means to discolor the fruit and thus render it unmarketable, although it will not be poisonous, and will not be unfit for use, even though it should be stained by the spray liquid.

"This self-boiled lime-sulphur wash is not recommended for scale insects, and it is not to be replaced by the concentrated lime-sulphur solutions now on the market, nor by the home-boiled wash which we recommend as the best and cheapest material for treating scale insects. It is a different preparation, made by a different formula and method, and these materials should not be confused."

### For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

### Barnum & Bailey's Circus at Olean June 11th.

Account Barnum & Bailey's circus at Olean, June 11th, P., S. & N. R. R. will run excursion on regular trains. Fare from Smethport $1.00. Train leaves 8:33 a. m. Jos. T. Odell, Genl. Pass. Agent.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

### Commencement Week.

The coming week is thronged with events of interest to all friends of the Public Schools. The Class Day exercises are to be held on Saturday at 3:30 p. m. in the lower halls of the school house. These exercises are always interesting and pleasing because it deals directly with school life in its many phases.

On Sunday evening at 8:45 p. m. the graduating class, Board of Education and the teachers will attend in a body Saint Elizabeth's church. The annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. F. Dugan.

Monday is the time fixed for the Grand Commencement Concert. This is a new feature for Commencement Week and will be a fitting climax of the work done in music during the year. 225 pupils of the schools will take part. The program which follows shows its varied nature. The tickets will be put on sale at Wells' Monday at 9.00 o'clock Prices 25 and 35 cents. This concert will be given at the Lyceum beginning at 8:00 p. m. sharp.

THE PROGRAM.

Part I.

"Away to the Woods" — Strauss
High School Chorus.
"Soldier Chorus" — Jessie L. Gaynor
Boys of Lower Grades.
"Brownie Chorus" — F. L. Bristow
"Three Little Chestnuts" — N. O. Page
Lower Grades.
"My Wild Irish Rose" — Chauncey Olcott
Boys' Glee Club.

Part II.

"The Holy City" — Stephen Adams
"Star Spangled Banner" — Francis S. Key
Upper Grades.
"The Milkmaids" — Arranged
Girls of Lower Grades.
"Aunt Margery" — J. A. Parks
Male Quintet.
"The Young Musician" — German Folk Song
Primary Grades.

Part III.

"Marching" — George Nevin
Boy's Glee Club.
"Flower Song" — Arranged
Girls' Chorus.
"Village Blacksmith" — Chas. F. Noyes
High School Chorus.

The graduating exercises will be held on Tuesday evening at 8:30 p. m. in the Lyceum. There are eleven young men and women who are fortunate enough to have completed their high school course. The address of the evening will be delivered by Dr. Oden C. Gortner, Mansfield State Normal School. Music will be furnished by the High School Chorus. The diplomas will be presented by Mr. D. C. Young, President of the Board of Education. Tickets for these exercises will be on sale at Wells' Tuesday morning at 9:00 a. m. Prices 15 and 25 cents.

### Big Circus at Olean.

Barnum & Bailey, greatest show on earth, is to visit Olean on Friday June 11. Never since the beginning of time has an amusement enterprise so tremendous in size been organized as this one. Its magnitude is almost beyond belief. All America, together with every foreign country, has been scoured from end to end by agents of this big show in search of novelties and the result is a performance brim full of sensational acts new to the circus world. In the big Barnum & Bailey show are nearly 400 arenic stars, most of whom are seen now for the first time. A new sensation will be seen at every performance in "Jupiter, the balloon horse." This remarkable animal with its fearless rider ascends to the dome of the circus tent in a balloon and descends to the ground in a shower of fireworks. Nearly 1000 animal wonders are to be found in the big 108 cage menagerie, 8 herds of elephants, including one herd that actually plays upon musical instruments in time and tune. A group of giant giraffes, monster trained hippopotamus, only living bi-horned rhinoceros and hundreds of other strange beasts. Barnum & Bailey's big, new free street parade is the most gorgeous processional display ever attempted in the history of circus business. Its tremendous size and wonderful length can only be believed in the actual seeing. It is natural to expect this big circus to lead all others in quality and quantity of its street spectacle as well as in other departments of the big show, yet never in its splendid history of nearly half a century has it displayed such extravagance as is shown this year.

A life insurance company having over Fifty Million Dollars ($50,000,000.00) of insurance in force desires an experienced representative for this vicinity. To such a person the company is prepared to offer a general agent's contract DIRECT with its Home office. For full particulars address "Insurance," care MINER, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—Representative in Smethport and vicinity, large acquaintance more necessary than experience. Lady or gentleman. Address Bradford Monument Works, 26 Pine St., Bradford, Pa.

### Plants.

I have a nice lot of Tomato and Cabbage plants for sale.

JOHN J. HALLSTROM, Mill street

# A BACHELOR'S LAST CHANCE.

By ARABELLA JASON.

[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Aunt Mary Spooner, widow of Deacon Spooner, sat on the veranda of her house in the village of Parkville with some sewing on her lap, when there was a rattle of wheels in the road. [illegible] soon a man driving a [illegible] wagon, and she looked up to [illegible] and exclaim:

"Now, [illegible] if that ain't Sam Bottford, whom I [illegible] seen for the last six years, [illegible] must be his twin brother, though I know he never had any!"

It was Sam. He hitched his horse and entered the gate, and they were soon shaking hands and asking about each other's health. A chair was brought out [illegible], and after some general talk the widow said:

"Sam, you are looking worried and troubled, and I'm sorry to see it. Is there anything on your mind that you want to consult me about?"

"There is, Mary," he replied. "That's the reason why I've come over to see you after all this time. Yes, I've been worried for a good spell back and hadn't anybody to go to for advice. All at once the other night I happened to think of you, and I says to myself, says I, 'Why not go over and see Mary Spooner about it?' and that's why I [illegible] here."

"I hope you are not going to lose your farm on a mortgage?"

"No; nothing of the kind, Mary. I've got to be fifty-five years old, and I've been living alone all these years. I'm the oldest old bachelor in the county. Ten years ago it kinder seemed for awhile as if you and me was going to make a match of it, but it fell through. The deacon came along, and you preferred him to me. I ain't kicking about it. He was a good man, the deacon was, and I was sorry when I heard that you was left a widder. He's been dead two years or more, but don't think I've come a-courting. I've got old and shackletty and baldheaded, and I know it would be no use to begin talking about turtledoves to you."

"No, Sam; it wouldn't," was the quiet reply as the widow breathed a sigh of relief.

"In fact, Mary, I'm sorter bound to another woman—[illegible] widder—and I'm not the man to [illegible] around after two widders [illegible] one. She's a woman named Grimes, living about three miles this side of my farm. She owns what they call the Plum Tree farm."

"Yes; I know [illegible]. So you've fallen in love with her?"

"Yes; my heart's been [illegible] for her for the last six months. She hain't no [illegible] as far as looks go, and I [illegible] wasn't so red, but she's got [illegible]. Mary's a mighty nice [illegible] and she can cook the best boiled dinner a hungry man ever sat down to. We agree on the Bible, on the best way to smoke hams, on having wire screens to the winders in summer—on everything but one, and that is what is bothering me and why I've come over to see you."

"And what's that, Sam?" asked the widow.

"I popped the question two months ago, but there's another feller did the same thing—it's Abe Johnson, a widower. He's about my age and no better looking, and the widder is hanging fire as to whether it is best for her to marry an old bachelor or an old widower. She says she's got to take time to think it over."

"And you want to hurry her up?"

"That's just it, Mary. You are understanding the situation right off. Yes, I want to hurry her up, and I want the decision to be in my favor. You are a woman and a widder. You ought to know what another woman and widder would do under certain circumstances."

"Perhaps," was the doubtful reply. "What are the certain circumstances?"

"Jealousy, Mary—jealousy. I've had it all planned out for a week past, and I believe that if you will help me I can win out as easy as grease. I take it that Abe and me stand about equal in the Widder Grimes' affections. It's like balancing a stick on the top rail of a fence. Abe can drive oxen and not swear, and in case the preacher ain't there he can take the lead at a funeral or prayer meeting. I can drive a hog out of the garden without yelling to be heard a mile away, and I have made two speeches on the Fourth of July. It's about an even thing between us. The widder is balancing. She may balance for a year if something ain't done. Something is going to be done. I'm going to appeal to her jealousy. I'm going to make her think she's lost me forever."

"But just how?"

"That's where you come in, Mary. You'll set a day, and I'll drive over here and get you. I'll drive you past the farm and back. She'll surely see us. She'll see us sorter cuddled up to each other and talking confidentially. Right in front of her house she'll see my arm stealing around your waist, and we'll both be looking as happy as all outdoors. The demon of jealousy, as they call it, will bubble up in her heart at once, and she'll feel that she loves me only and must have me or die. When I pass for the third time after leaving you home she'll be down to the gate to stop me and say, 'Sam Bottford, you hump yourself and bring a preacher here and marry me or I'll show you what a desperate woman can do.' She'll say that, Mary, and within two hours she'll be mine. Come, now, wouldn't you act just like that under the same circumstances?"

"I—I hardly [illegible]," replied the woman after [illegible] moment.

"But you [illegible], you see, and that makes [illegible] of difference. Maybe you [illegible] be made jealous, but red headed women and jealousy go together. Lord, [illegible] when she sees my arm stealing around your waist she'll grow a foot taller in a minit!"

"But I couldn't allow that, Sam."

"Oh, yes, you could, Mary. You'll allow it for old time's sake. Your conscience has always troubled you for the way you throwed me down, and I'm telling you that this is the last chance for me. If I lose the Widder Grimes I'm a gone coon. The turtledoves will never coo for me again."

There was more talk, and the Widow Spooner finally gave a doubtful and reluctant consent. She warned Sam, however, that he was taking chances and must put up with consequences.

A day and hour were named for him to drive over again, and he went home with a smile on his face for the first time in weeks. When the day came for him to head for Parkville again he drove at a slow pace past the Plum Tree farm.

The Widow Grimes was out among the cabbages killing slugs. She saw him and waved her hand, but he looked straight ahead and never stopped. This was to make her wonder what was up. The other widow was ready, and in an hour or so the old white horse and democrat wagon came trotting back. The Widow Grimes stood in the open door. They saw that she did, and Sam chuckled and cackled and whispered to his companion:

"It's a world beater, Mary. Lean on me as if you loved me half to death!"

Mary leaned, and two minutes later, as they were square in front of the house, he said:

"Now my arm goes around your waist. The Widder Grimes sees it. Her heels are lifting up. I dasn't look at her, but I know that her face is as red as a beet. The demon has suddenly appeared, and she's saying to herself that she'll kill any woman that takes me away from her. Lord, Mary, but I shall be grateful to you all the rest of my days!"

They drove up the road two miles and then turned about to repeat the performance. This time the Widow Grimes was halfway down to the gate. She pretended to be pulling some weeds out of the bed of pinks, but it was only pretense. She saw the Widow Spooner lean; she saw an arm go around her waist; she almost heard whispers of love as the old wagon creaked along.

"Mary Spooner," said Sam Bottford as he helped her out of the wagon at her own gate, "I'm owing you a debt I can never, never pay. You've helped me through like the good woman you are. As I drive along back the Widder Grimes will be at the gate to blow me up, and after the blowing it will be the preacher and a marriage. Nobody ever had such a plan before. It has worked without skipping a cog. Don't you buy no taters this fall. I'll see to it that you have ten bushels to start the winter on—yes, ten bushels of taters and a crock of butter."

"And when shall I know how you came out?" she asked.

"Oh, you'll hear it talked of in two or three days, and you'll hear that we are off on our wedding tour. Lord, Mary, dasn't it worked beautifully—beautifully!"

Two hours later, as the Widow Spooner was eating her supper, she heard the rattle of that democrat wagon again and another "Whoa!" and went to the door just as Sam Bottford reached the veranda and sat down on the steps.

"For mercy's sake, but what has happened?" she exclaimed.

"There won't be any wedding!" replied a hollow voice.

"No!"

"Nor any bridal tour!"

"No!"

"Nor any nothing!"

"But why, Sam, why?"

"Because the Widder Grimes and Abe Johnson were married three days ago. She was down to the gate to tell me as I drove back and to hope that my health was the same as usual."

The Widow Spooner turned her head to hide a smile.

"I knew it all along, Sam," said she, "but I thought you wouldn't ever be satisfied until you had tried every way you know."

Samuel looked at her. Slowly a smile crept over his face.

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I nearly hollered for joy. Mary," he said sharply, "Mary, do you want me to remain an old bachelor?"

And after a little while the Widow Spooner whispered "No."

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### On Saving.

"The late James Molloy," said a music publisher, "wrote humorous songs now and then, but it is as the author of 'Love's Old Sweet Song' that he will be remembered.

"Yet his humor was good, too—bright, clean and pure. He liked to make fun of people who lived in the country. I once heard him say in London to a Devon man:

"'Why do you live in the country, anyhow?'

"'So as to save money,' was the reply.

"'Are vegetables and milk and meat cheaper?'

"'They are, on the contrary, slightly dearer.'

"'How do you save, then?'

"'No opera, $50 a year. No restaurant dinners, $100 a year. No theater, $100 a year. No taxicab fares, $50 a year. No distractions of any kind, $75 a year.'

"'Look here,' said Mr. Molloy, 'couldn't you save money if you died?'"—New York Tribune.

### Worked Too Well.

A hotel proprietor, noticing that some of his customers were evidently trying to eat their suppers in the shortest possible time, lest they should miss the boat which was waiting at the wharf, thought it would be funny to frighten them. Accordingly he went into a back room and gave a remarkably perfect imitation of a steamboat's whistle. The joke worked well. The men heard the sound and rushed to the boat. The joker laughed long and loud until suddenly it occurred to him that the men had gone off without paying for their suppers. Then he stopped laughing.—London Town and Country Journal.

# FOR THE CHILDREN

### Minister Couldn't Spell.

Not long ago an old minister in Delaware celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as pastor of his church. The church was elaborately decorated with palms and flags, and over the altar in flowing letters "Semicentennial" told the cause of the jubilation.

In the crowd filling the place of worship was the pastor's grandson, who, with his mother, occupied a front pew. Not a word of the festival exercises did the youngster hear in his eagerness to see everything. Finally he could restrain himself no longer, and, bending over to reach his mother's ear, he said in a loud voice:

"What makes my grandpa such a poor speller?"

"Why do you think he is?" asked mamma, at the same time saying "Sh-sh!" to the boy.

"You just read them words up there," said the boy, pointing to "Semicentennial."

"Well," asked his mother, smiling, "what is wrong up there?"

"Can't you see? He spells 'See-my centennial' 'S-e-m-i-c-e-n-t-e-n-n-i-a-l.' Two words out of the three are wrong. I'm not so old as grandpa and have not gone to school much yet, but I know that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Game of Location.

Sides are chosen in this game, and the opposing parties stand in separate lines facing each other, as if for a spelling match. No. 1 of one side mentions the name of some city or town in any part of the world, and No. 1 of the other side must locate it before his opponent has finished counting ten. He then in turn names a city, which No. 2 on the other side must locate. If any one fails to give the correct location before the expiration of the ten counts a member of his side may be chosen and taken over to the opposite party. For example:

A. and B. choose the sides. A. begins by saying "Lansing" and commences to count ten, but B. says "Michigan" before he has finished. B. then names "Sydney" and begins to count, but A. calls out "Australia," and it is his turn to puzzle B.'s side. If he succeeds in this it gives him the choice of one of the men on B.'s side. And so the game goes on until one side wins all the men from the other.

Twenty may be counted instead of ten if more time is desired.

### "A Stomachful of Knowledge."

The Chinese believe that the intellect is not centered in the head (in the brain), but in the stomach. When they wish to compliment a man on his mental powers they say that "he is extremely intelligent in his stomach." If they desire to say that a man is clear headed they accordingly affirm that "he is clear in his stomach." In cases where we would speak of a person as having stored up much knowledge in his head, from reading books, they say "he has eaten the books and hidden them in his stomach." Thus the learned Chinaman acquires "a stomachful of knowledge."

Of course the few more advanced students who are to be found in China since the country began to open its gates to outside nations do not cling to this absurd anatomy. But the mass of the people still believe that they go to school in their stomachs.

### Threading Grandmother's Needle.

This is an old play for children. All the players take hold of hands in a long line. The children at one end sing or chant:

"Grandmother's eyes have grown so dim
Her needle she can't fit."

Then the two at the other end of the line sing:

"Our eyes are very bright and good.
Thread it for her we will."

At this the first singers raise their arms very high, and the last singers dart under them, the whole line following till the first players are at the bottom of the line. Those who were originally at the foot then raise their arms and recommence the rhyme, and the players who began the song thread the needle in their turn. When quickly and smoothly done the waving, mazy line makes a very pretty figure.

### A Traveling Dog.

There is a dog of London that has made six round trips to Australia and is still traveling. He is no one's dog and yet everybody's dog and makes himself such a favorite with all on board the steamers that he is welcomed and well cared for.

On one of his late trips when the steamer was plowing her way through a dense fog the dog set up a great barking, and the steamer slowed down just in time to prevent a collision with a sailing vessel that had no alarm going.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

### Conundrums.

What is the difference between a choirmaster and a lady's dress? The one trains a choir; the other acquires a train.

Why has a great gymnast a very wonderful digestion? Because he lives on ropes and poles and thrives.

What is a singular and melancholy fact in the history of Milton? That he could recite his poems, but could not re-sight himself.

Why is Canada like courtship? Because it borders on the United States.

### Playing Checkers.

Sometimes at night my father 'll say:
"Get out your checkers, Ned.
We'll try a rubber, you and I,
Before you go to bed."
And then we'll play, and if he beats,
Why, father 'll kind of smile
And say: "Now set your wits to work.
This little game's worth while."
But if I beat the first two games
He'll yawn, and then he'll say
To mother, "It's a foolish game,
But sonny likes to play."
—Youth's Companion.

### All Right.

"That girl's all right," said the blond girl in the dressing room after she had looked everywhere for her overshoes. "The one who has just left, she's gone off with both the right overshoes and left me the left ones."—New York Times.

### One Was Enough.

The British academy once had printed a few copies of an important work for presentation to some foreigners who, from their prominence in the scientific world, were best entitled to be honored with the gift. Professor Airy, the astronomer royal, was requested to make a selection of the names. A few days after he had sent in his list he was informed by the secretary of the admiralty that "my lords" were struck by the number of unknown names included and that they wished to make an inquiry on the subject. Airy asked the secretary for some specifications as to the names referred to.

"Well, as an example," said the secretary, "here is the name of Professor C. F. Gauss of Gottingen. Who is he?"

"Gauss is one of the greatest mathematicians of the age and stands among the two or three most eminent masters in physical astronomy now living. Who else do you wish to know about?"

"No one else. That will do," replied the secretary.

### What Man Owes to Birds.

"It should be realized," said a naturalist, "that without birds to hold in check the insects vegetable life soon would cease and life for man would become impossible upon the earth. Birds are nature's check to the amazing power of insects to increase. If insect life were allowed free course it would soon overpower plant life, and therefore animal life, including that of man, would be impossible. This is an astounding conclusion, but it is the conclusion of science. If the birds were gone very soon the leaves would disappear from the trees, and the limbs would be festooned with the webs of caterpillars or with masses of their nests. These would move from tree to tree, increasing by the million as they advanced. In the course of a few seasons there would be no trees. In the fields other species of insects would destroy the grass and the grain and all vegetable life, and the ground would be as if a sea of devouring mouths had passed over it."

### Laziness.

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us," said a clergyman. "It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness? We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'

"'Look here, super,' said the stage manager one night, 'I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpose your speech. Make it run hereafter, "The carriage waits, my lord."'

"The super pressed his hand to his brow.

"'More study; more study!' he groaned."

### Under Pressure.

Isn't it queer that when a man really wants to go somewhere he can do as much work in half an hour as would ordinarily take him half a day.—Portland Express.

The best o' working is it gives you a grip hold o' things outside your own lot.—Eliot.

### Humor In Advertising.

It is agreed on all sides that as a rule humorous advertisements are to be avoided. Business is business, and the businesslike ad. is the one that counts. Nevertheless it is interesting to come upon an odd, amusing or out of the ordinary specimen—for instance, that of the photographer who made a specialty of baby photographs. His advertisement read:

"Bring your dear little babies. If they don't sit still I won't get cross. I was a baby once myself."

What is especially rare is to find an advertiser who will exhibit any candor about the negative qualities of his goods. It is all the more refreshing, then, to peruse the announcement of an innkeeper in one of the smaller states who was evidently burning with a desire to tell the exact truth about his establishment:

"Not the largest hotel in the town, not newly furnished throughout, no free bus to train, not the best grub the market affords, but simply clean beds and good food, 25 cents to sleep, 25 cents to eat. Toothpicks and ice water thrown in. Try us. Pay up. And if not satisfied keep mum!"—London Answers.

### The Forbidden Fruit.

The botanical curiosities of the island of Ceylon are replete with varied interest. One of them is "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." Its native name is diwi kadura, kadura signifying "forbidden" and diwi "tigers." The flower of this extraordinary production is said to emit a fine scent. The color of the fruit, which hangs from the branches in a very peculiar and striking manner, is very beautiful, being orange on the outside and a deep crimson within. The fruit itself presents the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This circumstance together with the fact of its being a deadly poison, led the Mohammedans on their first discovery of Ceylon, which they assigned as the site of paradise, to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden, for, although the finest and most tempting in appearance of any, it had been impressed, such was their idea, with the mark of Eve's having bitten it, to warn men from meddling with a substance possessing such noxious properties.

### Grief That Kills.

"My poor boy," said the beneficent old clergyman, who had encountered a young waif sobbing in the streets, "what ails you? Some case of dire distress has touched your heart chords no doubt."

"No," sniffed the kid; "you're clear off your base, old kazoozleka. Me an' Snippy an' de rest of de fellies [illegible] de mangy old yellow cur up at Schwartz's grocery, an' while old Schwartz an' de gang followed de dog I sneaked back to de grocery to swipe dried apples. De Kid chased into Schmidt's orchard, an' de gang swiped de swellest peaches you ever seen, an' den dey smoked grapevine cigarettes and set the barn afire. I made a sashay into de apple barrel at de grocery, an' de delivery boy pasted me with a bad [illegible], an' it hurts yet, an' I didn't get to see de fire an' didn't [illegible] nothin' to eat, an' I wisht I was dead—[illegible] it all!"—Bohemian Magazine.

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The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz., Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, and Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing roots for the cure of just such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. H. C. Wood, M. D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of American Dispensatory; Prof. Jno. M. Scudder, M. D., Author of Specific Medicines; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Med. Dept. Univ. of N. Y.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., Author of Materia Medica and Prof. in Bennett Medical College, Chicago. Send name and address on Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive *free* booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authors and many others endorsing, in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient of which "Golden Medical Discovery" is composed.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 3, 1909.

## LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Malon Peters, aged 93 years, died at Ceres a few days ago.

—An Italian of Galeton recently found guilty of dynamiting trout streams paid a fine of $100.

—Mrs. Samuel E. Bell has returned home from Buffalo with her new Oldsmobile. It is one of the handsomest of the many handsome cars owned by Smethport people.

—On Thursday A. H. Kidder, record keeper, of Smethport Tent, No. 4, K. O. T. M. received a check for $1,000 in favor of the beneficiaries of Conrad Herzog, who died recently in Norwich township.

—Over one hundred oil men representing all branches of the business met in Bradford last Friday evening for the purpose of starting an organization for their mutual benefit. It is the intention of those interested to have the organization extend over the whole oil county of the United States.

—Mr. Walter Sherwood and Miss Lillian Holmes both of Port Allegheny were united in marriage at the M. E. parsonage of this place by Rev. W. A Harrison Wednesday evening, May 26, 1909. The happy couple have many friends in that section who wish them a long life of wedded bliss

—We have been informed that some of our fishermen are not living up to the six-inch law quite as religiously as they should. They are under the impression that because there is no warden in this immediate vicinity that they are perfectly safe, when in reality they are taking a big chance. A dozen or more of our friends may escape and you be the one who is caught if you do not watch out.

—A letter which is being sent out from the Auditor General's office to county commissioners states that the legislature failed to appropriate money for the payment of bounties on foxes, wild cats, etc., for the next two years and advises the commissioners not to pay any further bounties. The letter states that $40,000 was appropriated to pay back bounties due but that amount will hardly pay the deficiency which already exists. The bounty law will therefore be useless for the next two years at least.

—Elmer Heath is having a new cement side-walk laid in front of his Main street business place. Eagan, Harriman and Raymer are doing the work.

—J. S. McCarthy has had a new cement walk laid in front of his Main street market. It reaches from the building to the curb, which is the only proper way for business places. J. C. Gallup whose building adjoins on the west has extended his cement walk to the curb.

—The interior of the building occupied by Frank Maltby, as the home of the News at Galeton, was gutted by fire early Wednesday morning. The loss was about $500, and was covered by insurance. The fire has the appearance of having been of an incendiary origin. A benzine can, which had been left in another part of the building, was found in the stock room of the plant. Mr. Maltby will secure another building and continue the publication of his paper.—Potter Democrat.

—J. Emory Abbott informs The Era in a letter dated at Kane, that he is a patient at the Kane hospital, suffering from a broken leg. Being a candidate for jury commissioner he was on a political trip and while getting out of his wheel chair, at Kane, he met with the accident. This is the 19th time that he has suffered from a like fracture. But notwithstanding his handicaps he is in the race for jury commissioner to stay, he says and asks all his friends in the county to vote for him at the primaries in June.—Bradford Era.

—An old darky wanted to join a fashionable city church, and the minister, knowing it was hardly the thing to do and not wanting to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the darky came back. "Well what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher. "Well sah" replied the colored man, "ah prayed an' prayed an' de good Lawd, He says to me, Rastus, ah wouldn't bodder mah haid about dat no mo. Ah'ye been trying to git into dat chu'ch mahse'f for the las' 20 yearhs and Ah aint' done had no luck."—Christian Register.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made is as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney, or bladder, which always result in weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. O. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. O. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

### Telescope Without Lens.

Professor Robert W. Wood of the Johns Hopkins university has perfected an invention, based on a discovery, that may revolutionize the present costly and cumbersome methods of studying the stars and exploring the universe for new planets, suns, moons and asteroids, says the Technical World. Judging by the success the young scientist has had, the simplicity of the principle of his invention and the comparatively small cost of models the possibilities of his telescope are commensurate with the scientific literary visions of H. G. Wells, fictionist extraordinary.

Since the invention of the telescope in the sixteenth century it has been the dream of a great part of the scientific world to actually get a glimpse of the life that possibly exists on Mars and other planets; to secure some tangible proof of intelligent existence on the worlds around us.

But in Professor Wood's telescope there is no glass! Its reflecting surface—its lens—is mercury, revolving mercury, that magnifies and magnifies as the speed increases until it brings the heavens down startlingly close. While Professor Wood, like most scientists, is reticent about his invention, it is not hard to conclude from his remarks that he has great hope of its accomplishing astronomical wonders.

### A Timely Hint For Boys.

A well known lawyer is telling a good story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning not long ago the young autocrat blew into the office and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Blank, there's a ball game down at the park today, and I am going down."

Now, the attorney is not a hard hearted man and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a little lesson in good manners.

"Jimmie," he said, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now, you come over here and sit down, and I'll show you how to do it."

The boy took the office chair, and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and, holding the cap in his hand, said quietly to the small boy in the big chair:

"Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park today. If you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon."

In a flash the boy responded:

"Why, certainly, Jimmie, and here is 50 cents to pay your way in."—Short Stories.

### Don't Know Goldenrod.

One is familiar with the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland, the thistle of Scotland and the leek of Wales. The lily of France is equally famous, while Prussia is as intimately associated with the linden as is the violet with Naples. But what is goldenrod, which is described in a cabled message from Washington as that American national flower? Reference to a botanical dictionary discovers that goldenrod is another name for "Solidago virgaurea" and also "Leontice chrysogonum," but that does not throw any light on the matter. However, as it was embroidered on Mrs. Taft's white chiffon ball dress one may be sure that goldenrod is decorative. But one would like to know more about it and how long it has been the national emblem of the republic.—London Chronicle.

### Weighing Touch.

A wonderful instrument has recently been invented for the purpose of measuring the sense of touch. The device consists of a series of little disks, suspended by fine, delicate threads from wooden handles, the last being stuck into holes around a block.

The lightest disk is taken out and brought into contact with the skin of the subject, the latter having closed his eyes. If nothing is felt a heavier disk is employed, and so on till the pressure becomes noticeable.

A touch of a disk weighing 9-100 of a grain was observable on the temple, one weighing 5-100 on the nose or chin and one weighing 9-100 on the inside of a finger.—Pathfinder.

### Empty Splendor.

Matthew Astor Wilks, the son-in-law of Mrs. Hetty Green, has endeared himself to the great woman financier by his simple tastes.

"Mr. Astor Wilkes," said a hotel keeper of New York, "sneers at ostentation. I remember when we opened our new rococo dining room. It was, I admit, rather empty the first week or so. Mr. Wilks during the empty season dropped in one night for supper after the play.

"I approached him, eager for a compliment on our bright new splendor. He nodded curtly and said:

"'Truly magnificent. Thirty tables for every customer.'"

### Earth Telephony.

The introduction of magazine rifles into the army is said to have ended the custom of using the rifle as a telephone by placing the muzzle to the ground and listening at the breech for the movement of distant cavalry. A new apparatus on the same principle is the acoustele of M. Martel, a French inventor. This is a trumpet shaped tube a yard or more high, inclosing a central cone, and it is claimed to be so sensitive that the tick of a watch can be heard several hundred yards away. In listening for sounds through the earth it is best placed in a special hole.

### On Her Own Head.

Hubby—What! You paid $50 for that hat! It's monstrous—it's a sin! Wife (sweetly)—No matter. The sin will be on my own head!—Lippincott's Magazine.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.

## NEW SHORT STORIES

### The Essence of Economy.

Secretary Crowley of the Cattle Raisers' association praised the other day in Galveston the cowboy automobile.

"The cowboy automobile has come to stay," he said. "A cowboy at the wheel can handle a hundred times as many steers as a cowboy in the saddle."

"But the expense?" said an English rancher.

"It's cheaper in the long run," said Colonel Crowley. "I don't believe in cheeseparing on these western plains of ours. Cheeseparing out here amid this bounteous nature looks as ridiculous as the tactics of the St. Joseph miser.

"There are, you know, two famous misers in St. Joseph—two old bachelors, of course. The old miser called on the younger the other night and found him sitting in the dark. He lit up, however, when he found there was a mortgage paper to be examined. Yes, he lit up a small candle. But as soon as the paper was read through he blew out the candle again.

HE BLEW THE CANDLE OUT.

"'Why did you do that?' his guest, a little offended, asked.

"'Now, my dear sir,' said the host, 'can't we talk just as well in the dark? Of course we can, and think how it saves the candle.'

"So they talked on—money, money, money. But the host noticed strange sounds coming from his guest's chair, strange creaks and rustlings, and at last he said:

"'What are you doing there anyway?'

"'Why,' said the other, 'it's dark and nobody can see me, so I thought I'd take off my trousers and save wear and tear.'"—Washington Herald.

### An Unprincipled Jailbird.

State Senator S. A. Ettelson of Chicago is the father of a bill to brand married men with some distinguishing mask or title, for the senator's statistics show that many married men masquerade as bachelors in vacation time.

"My statistics," said Senator Ettelson to a reporter, "show a clamant need for a brand. Married women are sufficiently branded by the 'Mrs.' and the wedding ring, but the difficulty is to find a good brand for married men.

"They do need it, though. Some of them are as unprincipled as the jailbirds Harvey Flynt used to tell about.

"Flynt was a Lancashire mill hand. He did a month in jail, and on his return home a friend met him and said:

"'Hello, Harve! Aw've ne'er seen thee many a long day. How are tha going on?'

"'Oh, fair. Aw've been doing a month down at Preston, tha knows.'

"'How did tha like it?'

"'Oh, not so well.'

"'How's that?'

"'Well, the very first day theer somebody calls out in next cell, "What has tha for tha dinner?"

"'Aw sung out, "Bread an' watter's all."

"'He says: "Aw've ham and eggs here. Pass the bread through hole in wall. Aw'll gi'e thee a dip in."'

"'Well?'

"'Well, what's tha think? Aw ne'er got ma bread back.'"—Washington Star.

### Women and the Stage.

David Belasco was in his best mood at a dinner in New York preceding his vacation, his first vacation in twenty long, hard years.

Mr. Belasco in the course of a learned review of barefoot dancing, problem plays and such like outcroppings of stage history smiled and said:

"It may be true, as some have claimed, that immoral plays are due to the immoral taste of women. Yes, that may be true; but, gentlemen, did you ever watch at the theater an elderly, staid, perhaps somewhat unprepossessing wife brooding over a husband a little younger than herself? These wives surely are no supporters of the immoral stage spectacle.

"Such a wife sat in one of my theaters during the production of a drama. The heroine, a beautiful girl, said at a dramatic moment:

"'Merciful heavens, I am undone!'

"The wife rose hurriedly.

"'Come, Clarence,' she murmured sternly. 'We've had enough of this. I'm not going to have you drinkin' in any Salome dance or disrobin' act.'"

### His Dilemma.

"I'm in a difficulty over my girl."

"What's wrong?"

"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. If I stop she'll think I don't care for her any longer, and if I go on she'll think she's too good for me."—London Mail.

## SALTING BABIES.

### An Old World Practice That Goes Back to Bible Times.

"Salting" newly born infants, a practice that dates far back to Biblical times, still obtains in many parts of the old world. The Armenians in the Russian government of Erivan cover the whole surface of the babe's body with fine salt, especial care being taken with the interstices between the fingers and all depressions, such as the armpit and the bend of the knee, so that no point shall remain unsalted.

The unhappy infant is left in the salt for three hours or longer and is then bathed in warm water.

The Armenians of some districts having abandoned the practice, are called "unsalted" and are despised by the others.

The modern Greeks also sprinkle their babes with salt. If an enlightened mother protests the midwife is ready with the objection, "But if it isn't salted it will be puny and will never amount to anything."

If this salting process is carried on to excess the poor babes don't stand it at all. The skin becomes as red as fire, the irritation is intolerable, and the child dies in convulsions. Yet there is a mountain tribe in Asia Minor that mercilessly salts its newborn babes for twenty-four hours, which shows that the limits of human endurance are wide in some cases. This ancient custom is still in vogue in many parts of Germany, but the rites are merely symbolical. In one district a little salt is rubbed behind the child's ears, in others a pinch of salt is put on the tongue or a little paper of salt is inserted under the garments. It gives understanding, the people say, and wards off evil spirits.

The action of salt in keeping meat sound no doubt is the reason that this strengthening and sustaining power was ascribed to it. The usage became common in eastern countries, and it was not entirely confined to them. The prophet Ezekiel, referring to the degeneracy of Jerusalem, says:

"Neither wast thou washed in water, to supple thee; thou wast not salted at all nor swaddled at all."

To many oriental tribes this means a grave omission of parental duty.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### His Advice.

A young genius named McCarthy went to Commodore Vanderbilt and gave him a suggestion which led the commodore to organize all the little railroads between New York and Chicago into one. Before McCarthy went to Vanderbilt he went to a friend for advice. Here is what his friend told him about the commodore:

"Don't let him scare ye. He's as full of power as a turbine. Has a good deal o' whir in him. Likes resistance; so does every great force. He's fought a thousand difficulties. He'll take you for another an' pitch into ye, like as not. Don't let him scare ye. If he jumps on ye, jump on him. He'll enjoy it an' begin to respect ye. It's like puttin' a belt on the turbine—you'll take off a bit of his power and ease him down."—Denver News.

### The Crimean Crime.

Kinglake was all for war. "He used to say," says Mme. Novikoff, "that peace would emasculate the world. 'Besides,' he continued, 'population when too dense is not at its best.'" He did not like Bright. Mme. Novikoff told Kinglake one day that Bright had made a curious remark about the Crimean statue in Pall Mall. "The inscription," he had said, "should be altered. The 'a' should be put before the world 'crime' and not at the end."—London Standard.

### Charity.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home, but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world. He may have a preference for the particular quarter or square or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—Cumberland.

Tastes Like More

PATENT ROLLER FLOUR

THORNTON & CHESTER MILLING CO. 312 ERIE ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes make from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa

**McKean County Miner**

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday June 3, 1909.

EDITOR MINER—Please announce that I am a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the decisions of the Republican party at their primaries, June 12, 1909.

JAMES H. STULL,
East Smethport, Pa., March 30, 1909.

THE big strike of street car employes in Philadelphia is causing much trouble in that city.

THE spring primaries are to be held throughout the county on Saturday. Delegates to the State convention and county candidates are to be nominated.

THE Senate commenced to hold night sessions on June 1, in order to rush the new tariff bill through. Hot weather is the most effective whip to use on that body.

ON Tuesday at 3:15 p. m. President Taft pressed the golden key in the east room of the White House that formally opened the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition at Seattle.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON had a two round glove contest with Philadelphia Jack O'Brian last Friday and the bout was a draw. The Speaker's hitting powers must have diminished some or it would never have finished that way.

AFTER reading the various bitter contests between the "wets" and "drys" in local option localities it is hard to understand why any peace loving citizen wants to change our present system of handling this question. We have had bitter political fights in this state and county, which were corrupting and unpleasant but if we are to believe half of the newspaper reports they are nothing in comparison to the fights over the license question in Ohio for the past few months.

THE merit system is slowly gaining ground, the government quietly putting it into effect. A rational system of appointments is being carried out by President Taft. Last week some fifty consular appointments were announced, and most of them were promotions. The Department of State explained the appointments of men already in the service were promotions, and those selected for the first time were not put in the positions by political solicitation, but through non-partisan and impersonal examinations. Senators and Representatives, who have clung to these appointments as something to reward their henchmen, are now losing their hold on the consulates.

A DISPATCH from Ulm, Germany, dated May 31, says: The Zeppelin airship ran into the branch of a tree at the Goeppingen railroad station between here and Stuttgart. The forward compartment of the balloon was damaged, but how seriously has not yet been determined—It is presumed, however—that the airship will be able to continue on to Friedrichshafen as the machinery and all the compartments except the forward one, appeared to be intact at the time the dispatch conveying this information was sent from Goeppingen.

The vessel left the floating shed on Lake Constance a little after 9 o'clock Saturday night. The objective was Berlin, where Emperor William yesterday awaited the arrival of the count, but the dirigible got only as far as Bitterfeld, some 400 miles from the starting place, and there decided to return. There are on board Count Zeppelin himself, two engineers and a crew of seven men. The airship was aloft for something like 36 hours without stopping or coming to the ground. It alighted briefly about 9 this morning.

### Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The test vote taken on the income tax question in the Senate this week, is believed to forshadow a victory for the Republican leaders in their plan to refer both the Bailey and Cummins amendments to the Judiciary Committee. The vote to defer consideration of the income tax amendments until June 10 means that no amendments to provide for special taxes will be taken up by the Senate until the schedules of the tariff bill are adopted, and it is the intention, of course, of the Finance Committee to show that the new customs duties will raise sufficient revenue to support the government and that any special tax is wholly unnecessary.

The sensational character of the dispatches sent out from Washington concerning certain defective armor plates which have been found in the construction of the battleships North Dakota and Delaware, is greatly deprecated by the officials at the Navy Department. They explain that defective plates always are and always have been found from time to time; that it is not known what causes the blisters and, therefore, has been impossible thus far to prevent their occasional occurrence. It has been the custom heretofore merely to reject the plates which were found defective, without saying anything about it but recently the department has adopted a new policy. As nothing was to be gained by secrecy, no effort is now made to conceal the fact that such defective plates have been found and rejected, although the first information to reach the public has received wholly unwarranted prominence.

Representative Hayes has acted on the suggestion made by President Taft recently at a dinner tendered by a number of Washington business men, in introducing a resolution in the House, this week, providing for the restoration to the District of Columbia of the land which was ceded to Virginia in 1846, and prior to that time had been a part of the District of Columbia. This land comprises many thousand acres in Alexandria county, across the Potomac River from Washington, and is used chiefly for agricultural purposes, although the town of Alexandria is included. Mr. Hayes' resolution provides that this land be again made part of the District, except the town of Alexandria, and authorizes the President to open negotiations through the War Department and complete the transfer by July 1, 1910, and authorizes an appropriation of $100,000 for the transaction. In his address to the business men the President expressed the opinion that the act of Congress in receding the land to Virginia was unconstitutional and that the District of Columbia should regain it. Mr. Hayes' resolution has been referred to the District Columbia Committee and will not be acted on until the next session, but Representative Hayes believes that President Taft's interest in the plan will insure its passage.

President Taft and Secretary Knox are not a little disturbed over the reports that reach them of conditions in Cuba. It seems that the new Cuban Government is just awakening to its freedom from American restraint and is in a fair way to muddle the finances of the island if it does not precipitate a national bankruptcy. The government is devoting its energies to the indulgence of varied and numerous extravagances while making small effort to supply the treasury of the island with funds. Those familiar with Cuban affairs know that unless this epoch of extravagance is soon checked it will precipitate a situation such as to cause the foreign creditors of Cuba to turn to the United States for assistance, making necessary another assumption of authority over the island. President Taft considers the situation down there far from satisfactory and is much concerned over it.

The action of Senator Bailey in so far forgetting himself as to indulge in a fistic encounter with a Washington representative of a metropolitan daily is much censured throughout official circles, and by his conduct he has completely justified the expectations of those who have long believed that with brass knuckles and a blackjack he could down any man half his size, provided he could succeed first in hitting him from behind. This is not the first demonstration that Mr. Bailey has given of his inability to control his temper and while such outbursts are always seriously deplored by his colleagues, they injure no one but the Texan who has thereby impaired his standing almost hopelessly.

President Taft will have conferred on him, on June 3, honorary membership in the first blue lodge of Masons composed entirely of Americans in Great Britain, and the President says that on the occasion of the opening of the new lodge he will send a cable message of congratulation.

### Free Trips to World's Series.

The Gazette Times is going to take a big party of amateur baseball players to see the World's Championship games next October.

That is decided.

What teams shall go on this trip, which may include a journey as far east as Boston and as far west as Chicago or St. Louis?

That remains to be determined.

It is up to the amateur teams and their friends to say who shall go.

Now, all you have to do is to get the votes.

Four amateur teams—12 men including the manager, will constitute a team—are to be the guests of The Gazette Times on this world-beating trip. Every amateur team in the territory in which The Gazette Times circulates, will have a chance to capture the prize. It will be a free field and no favor shown.

The small boys will have a chance equal with the larger fellows.

The plans have been so formulated that two teams of small boys are bound to win. It will be interesting to see if the little lads are not as popular, or more so, than their elders. The count of votes will tell.

The teams to take in this great trip will be selected by ballot. One team will be selected from among the Allegheny county amateurs averaging over 15 years of age. Another team will be selected from among the Allegheny county amateurs not nore than 15 years old. A third team will be selected from among the amateurs averaging over 15 years of age in all the territory outside of Allegheny county, and a fourth will be selected from among the amateurs averaging not not more than 15 years old in all the territory outside of Allegheny county.

You see, this gives a chance for teams in the whole state of Pennsylvania, in Ohio, West Virginia, Maryland, everywhere to compete and win The Gazette Times trip to see the World's Championship Baseball series.

For full particulars see the Gazette Times, or address Contest Department, The Pittsburgh Gazette Times, Pittsburgh, Pa.

We do not know of any other pill that is as good as DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills—small, gentle, pleasant and sure pills with a reputation. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

### A FIGHTING WHALE.

#### Made Splinters of the Small Boats and Sank the Ship.

Among the tales of the whale fishery told by John R. Spears in "The Story of the New England Whalers" is that of the loss of the Ann Alexander of New Bedford. This ship was on the "offshore grounds," west of Chile and Peru, when on Aug. 20, 1850, a "pod" of whales appeared, and three boats were lowered, Captain John S. Deblois going in one of them. The mate's boat soon struck one of the "pod," but the monster instantly turned with jaws open, and the men fled overboard just in time to save their lives. A moment later the whale bit the boat to pieces.

Captain Deblois at once pulled in, picked up the boat's crew and shifted a part of them to the second mate's boat. Then both the captain and second mate started to attack the whale, which had been busy meantime biting at the pieces of the boat it had destroyed. In the usual course a whale thus engaged would not have noticed the approach of the boats for a second attack, but this one had its eyes open, and it turned to meet the enemy more than halfway.

Rushing forward with a force and speed that no boat could escape, it grasped the second mate's boat, as it had that of the mate, and literally made kindling wood of it.

When Captain Deblois had once more picked his men from the sea he headed for the ship, and when there he sent the mate to gather up the oars and such other debris as might have escaped the fury of the whale. In his view it was his duty to fill his ship with oil and not to "whale for glory," as persistence in fighting a whale of this kind was sometimes called.

The mate, however, was of more reckless disposition. He managed to get within range of the whale and thrust a lance into it. Unfortunately, however, he failed to reach a vital point, and the whale, ignoring the small boat, made a dash at the ship. He struck her abreast of the foremast and crushed in her side. She sank so quickly that the crew was unable to secure anything, and they would have perished speedily in their open boats but for the fact that they were picked up by another whale ship.

### Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 29, 1909:

Cristal, Conir.
Nivers Ralph.
Wells, Mrs. Chas.

Persons calling for those letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

### Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between L. Slosser and Leo O'Brien has this day been mutually dissolved and all bills due said firm are payable to said Leo O'Brien and all debts contracted by said firm will be paid by said Leo O'Brien.

L. SLOSSER,
LEO O'BRIEN.

East Smethport, Pa., May 18, 1909.

Subscribe for the MINER.

McCALL PATTERNS 10¢ AND 15¢ NONE HIGHER

McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50¢ A YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

**McCALL PATTERNS**
Celebrated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and reliability nearly 40 years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

**McCALL'S MAGAZINE**
More subscribers than any other fashion magazine—million a month. Invaluable. Latest styles, patterns, dressmaking, millinery, plain sewing, fancy needlework, hairdressing, etiquette, good stories, etc. Only 50 cents a year (worth double), including a free pattern. Subscribe today, or send for sample copy.

**WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS**
to Agents. Postal brings premium catalogue and new cash prize offers. Address
THE McCALL CO., 239 to 249 W. 37th St., NEW YORK

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12c per Square Foot.

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

A SUPERIOR QUALITY
of ICE CREAM and SODA WATER at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.
Headquarters for Fresh, Pure Drugs and Medicines, Cigars, Stationery, Rubber Goods, &c.

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Six Desirble Hotel Properties For Sale Right.

We offer for sale the following good paying well furnished hotels:

Imperial Hotel in Shinglehouse, Pa., 23 rooms, newly furnished, in fine location, business exceeds $18,000 yearly. Acre land, livery barn rents for $20 a month. Plumbed for gas and water, hotel new five years ago. Snap at $10,000, about half cash. On railroad and trolley line.

Genesee House, in Genesee, Pa., on Buffalo & Susquehanna and N. Y. & P. Railroads. Hotel has 25 rooms, fine repair, well furnished, large barn and barber shop. Gas, water and sewer. Annual business $20,000. Everything for $18,000. Terms, one-fourth cash, easy terms for balance.

Grand Central Hotel in Belfast, N. Y., on three railroads, close to all stations. Sixteen rooms, well furnished, fine repair, two acres of land, small barn. Plumbed for gas and water. Price $5,500. Terms $3,000 cash, time on balance.

Hotel Edgecomb in Galeton, Pa., live town of five thousand. Fifty rooms, well furnished; gas and city water, large barn. Annual business $20,000. Headquarters for commercial trade. Price only $12,000, terms $5,000 cash, balance $1,000 a year and interest.

Phillips Hotel, only one in Arkport, N. Y., on Erie and Shawmut railroads, 4 miles from Hornell. Arkport is center of fine farming and celery district. Property in fine repair, nicely furnished, everything for $5,000. One-half cash.

Grand Central Hotel in Galeton, Pa., 15 rooms, brick, fine repair, extra lot. Exceptionally well furnished. Annual business $10,000. One of best paying hotels in the state. Price $12,500. One-half cash, balance on easy terms.

If you are interested we will be pleased to send you name of owners and full and complete information. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together

E-168

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Banking House | $ 19,694.71 |
| Bonds | 187,418.90 |
| Loans | 570,589 87 |
| Cash | 22,631.21 |
| Due from Banks | 88,514.47 |
| | $888,844.16 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Stock | $200,000.00 |
| Surplus | 100,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 31,701.88 |
| Deposits | 557,142.78 |
| | $888,844.16 |

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

LADIES' OXFORDS
—IN—
Russia Calf
Tan Vici
and
Pat. Colt
—Is the Bill at—
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE
FOR THIS WEEK

...BUY...
Lowney's Confectionery
—AT—
McCoy's Drug Store

LOOK FOR THE GREEN GOODS
FRESH EVERY DAY
AT
ANDORFER & LYLE'S

WAVERLY

A thin, pale oil. High real viscosity—no fictitious body. Retains its lubricating powers at high temperatures. The best oil for either air or water-cooled cars.

"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."

*Ask your dealer—a trial will convince.*

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., PITTSBURG, PA.
Independent Oil Refiners.

SPECIAL AUTO OIL

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

### Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, December Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Riggins did, on the 5th day of Oct. 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Riggins.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Riggins, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1909, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Riggins and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Riggins, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 12, 1909.
A. P. Huey, Libellant's Attorney.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. ? Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.

Give me a call.

Mrs. May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1. World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., Phila.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

### Notice.

Notice is hereby given by Edgar W. Tait, an applicant for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, that he will, on or before the 15th day of June, 1909, file his credentials with, and make application to the State Board of Law Examiners to be examined by said Board on the 6th and 7th days of July, 1909, for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

## A Splendid Array of Tempting Values

### Suit and Cloak Dept.

Stylish Suits at ..............$14.00 Several new Styles at.....$22.50
Others at $25.00, $27.50, $30.00, $35.00

WASH SUITS—Skirts and Jackets, very popular and up to the minute in style and workmanship.

Separate Skirts from..................................$3.75 to $15.00
Brown, Blue, Grey, Black. They can't help but please.

See our White Goods Section for the newest things in popular and fancy White.

A goods to meet your requirements in any class of white.

### Lace Curtains

Fifty styles in White, Arabian, Red and Green from, pair ..........................59c to $5.00
Mull and Ruffled Curtains, just in, pair....................79c to $2.00

### Hosiery and Underwear.

Complete new line of Underwear and Hosiery.

Gauze Vests..........................................10, 15, 25 & 50c
Men's Suits,........................................50c to $1.50
Boys' Shirts and Drawers.......................................25c
Ladies' Fast Black Hose......................10, 15, 25, 39 and 50c
Most of these also in Wine and Tan.
Ladies Silk Hose, $2.00 value at..............................$1.00

### Shoe Department.

Showing Black and Brown Suede Strap Pumps at..................$3.50
A variety of styles in Black, Brown, Tan and Patent Leathers. "Patrician" make, all now at..........$3.50 and $4.00
Boys' and Children's Oxfords, Black and Tan, solid leather shoes that will wear. Priced from.......$1.00 to $2.25

These are excellent values. Don't miss them.

**The Lindholm Co.**
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

SCREEN DOORS AND WINDOWS.

Now is the season for them.

We have the new Metal Frame Sherwood screens

CALL AND SEE THEM

—at—

DALY & GARLICK

**McKean County Miner**

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 3, 1909.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Vote Saturday.

—Wanted—a street cleaner?

—Vote at the primaries Saturday.

—What happened to the street cleaner?

—Go to the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—Fishermen are not reporting large catches this season.

—It is said that Robert Gaskin will start the erection of a home in the near future.

—Frank Purtle who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks has nearly recovered.

—On account of the primaries all bars and liquor stores in this county will be closed on Saturday.

—All hats are not alike—the latest is the "Billy Possum" as advertised, on this page, by Monheimer.

—Do not forget to attend the primaries on Saturday. State and county officers are to be nominated by all political parties.

—Wood & Kennedy have the derrick up on their lease near the County Home and will commence drilling within the next few days.

—Mrs. S. F. Redfield gave a party for her son, S. F. Jr., on Monday in honor of his first birthday. Eight young gentlemen and ladies about his age were present and all had a delightful time.

—Prof. T. T. Allen, who was ill at his home the early part of the week, threatened with pneumonia, has recovered and is able to attend to his duties.

—Angelo Nudelko, the Macedonian who was shot here last week, is at the County Home and his condition is apparently as well as could be expected.

—The MINER hereby acknowledges an invitation to attend the Annual Commencement of Bucknell University which is to be held from June 18 to 23.

—Married, on Tuesday, June 1, 1909, at the M. E. parsonage in this borough, by Rev. W. A. Harris, Clare G. Norris and Helen M. Wolcott, both of Warsaw, N. Y.

—George Campbell, who has been working in Olean for some time past, will return home this week to accept a position with F. H. Hungiville in his liquor store.

—The well on the Henry Wright farm was shot last Saturday afternoon and proved to be a good producer. It is said the well will settle down to between five and ten barrels a day.

—The clam chowder supper given at the M. E. church last Saturday evening was largely attended and a great success. The chowder and all other delicacies were unusually good.

—The Benton-Mitchell well proved to be rather a disappointment to its owners. It is little or no good as an oil well, but a fairly good vein of gas was struck. However salt water has shut off the supply of gas.

—F. H. Hungiville took possession of his wholesale liquor store and bottling works, formerly W. H. Hungerford & Co., on Monday and will conduct the business in the future. Fred is perfectly capable of handling this business, heretofore being a silent partner; and as sole proprietor, the business will be conducted in the same satisfactory manner as in the past.

—Elmer Heath says his new sidewalk is the first one to be put in strictly in accordance with the new grade. And there's a reason. The sidewalk committee held up President of the Council Heath until he had a proper survey made.

—On Tuesday, Gene, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammar, fell into one of the deep ditches excavated for the surface water sewers under the pavement, a drop of about ten feet, and escaped without the slightest injury.

—Robert Green and wife, colored, of Ormsby were arrested on Saturday and had a hearing before Justice Gleason, charged with assault and battery on their 14-year-old daughter. The defendants were held for court but later the matter was settled.

—Miss Sylvia Lawrence had her left wrist quite painfully burned last Thursday evening by spilling a quantity of carbolic acid over it. The burn is a very painful one but Miss Lawrence has attended to her duties in the Bell Telephone office as usual.

—The members of St. Christopher's Guild held a picnic supper and social evening at St. Luke's parish house Tuesday. After the supper the party all took a delightful country drive in automobiles and the balance of the evening was spent at bridge whist. The ladies who attended report a most delightful time.

—Anson Burdick narrowly escaped losing his steam runabout by fire Tuesday evening. He and Webb Hopper of this office were driving down Main street about seven o'clock when some one called to them that the car was on fire. They stopped and by lively work extinguished the flames before much damage was done. An investigation showed that the asbestus around the burner had been broken, thus exposing some of the woodwork.

—A report has reached this office that on Monday while driving with a party in his automobile between Straight and Johnsonburg, M. F. Quinn was held up by highwaymen and the party robbed of their watches, money and other valuables. It is said that the bandits put a log in the road ahead of Mr. Quinn's machine and when the auto was stopped the highwaymen stepped out and made the holdup in true western style. The report reached us too late to be verified but it has the earmarks of being true.

—H. J. Cummins, who has been acting as a traveling salesman for the L. C. Smith Typewriter Co., has been promoted to manager of the Rochester, N. Y., office of that concern and has entered upon his duties and on July 1st he will move his family to that city. Mr. Cummins and his estimable family have been residents of this place for several years past and have many friends who will regret to have them leave us. However they will be pleased to know that Mr. Cummins has been so successful in his work as to be thus honored by rapid advancement.

—A medicine show, composed of two artists, opened on the streets here Monday for a several days' engagement, but owing to the fact that the patronage was extremely light they failed to appear Tuesday evening. This is a high compliment to the intelligence of our people. In most towns this class of street fakirs do a thriving business on the sale of goods of little or no value to the purchaser and when a pair of this kind, with a vaudeville entertainment cannot succeed in extracting expense money out of a crowd at large as they had here it is a sure sign that the people are getting wise.

—Assisted by Dr. McGrainor and the Chief of Police, Constable George Shepard brought Mrs. Ed. Armstrong over from Port Allegany Tuesday afternoon and placed her in the County Home. Yesterday morning Commissioners Peterson and Marsh and the County Home nurse took her to Warren for treatment at the hospital for the insane. For some time past this woman has been suffering with hallucinations, one of which is that the Masons are continually persecuting her. On Tuesday she threatened to shoot her husband's employer and a warrant was sworn out for her arrest. Mrs. Armstrong was in a store when placed under arrest and she put up a desperate fight before she would accompany the officers. Otherwise this unfortunate woman is said to be highly respected by her neighbors.

### Taylor-Warning Nuptials.

Robert E. Taylor and Miss Bertha O. Warning were united in marriage last Saturday evening May 29, 1909, at eight o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean, in the presence of a few of the immediate friends of the high contracting parties, Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the M. E. church, performed the ceremony.

After the words were spoken that made these young people one, Mrs. McKean had a delicate luncheon served for them and the assembled guests. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor will reside in Smethport.

The bride and groom are both popular young people who have many friends in Smethport who will unite with the MINER in wishing them a long and happy married life. The bride formerly lived in Grand Rapids, Wis., and the groom is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Taylor.

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Go to Alfred Sturdivient for ice cream, lemonade and all kinds of soft drinks.

### Personal Mention.

H. W. Rubin is a business visitor in Bradford to-day.

W. H. Hungerford was a business visitor in Olean to-day.

Wm. Monheimer was a business visitor in Buffalo this week.

C. S. King of Port Allegany, was a visitor in town yesterday.

Miss Kathrine O'Brien was at Warren this week on business.

Miss May Choate is spending a few days at Cambridge Springs.

Constable U. H. Foote made a business trip to Bradford to-day.

Miss Eva Hopper of Hornell arrived in town to-day for a short visit.

Foster Studholme of Olean, was a visitor in town Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Volney Coleman of Port Allegany, were in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Monigan of Kane are visiting friends in this place.

Mrs. Ed. Holaway of Mina is the guest of her niece, Mrs. Ross Colgrove.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cunningham of Olean, are visiting relatives in town this week.

H. M. Choate spent Memorial Day in Buffalo the guest of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Sarah Blake of Eldred is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Father Doyle of Clermont, was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday morning.

Minnie Barrett has returned home from a visit to friends in Meadville and Jamestown.

Miss Belle Pattison of Syracuse, N. Y., is the guest of relatives and friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Raymer spent Sunday in Austin the guests of their son, Ward, and family.

F. M. Shattuck and son Vernon of Olean were visitors in town from Saturday until Tuesday.

Master Raymond Worden and Mrs. T. B. Hall of Olean, visited at Jason Hall's the forepart of last week.

Homer Emery of Amsterdam, N. Y., was here this week to see his wife who is seriously ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Eberspacher.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce leave to-morrow for a visit to Warren. The Doctor will return home on Monday and Mrs. Pierce will extend her visit for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Worden and little daughter, Sarah, of Olean, have been visiting Mrs. Worden's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jason Hall of Fulton street.

### Aged Woman Tortured by Burglars.

Mrs. Mary McDade, an aged woman of Kingston, near Wilkes-Barre, was brutally tortured Monday morning by burglars who believed that she had a large sum of money hidden, in an effort to make her tell where it was. She lives alone and the burglars evidently got into her house about midnight.

Mrs. McDade told them all the money she had was 55 cents and this she gave to them. Then the torture began and lasted almost an hour.

They twisted her fingers and thumbs breaking one of the latter; they pulled her tongue and tore it partly off, pulled out her hair, kicked and struck and pinched her, and finally left her unconscious.

Neighbors found her still unconscious and her condition is now precarious.

A squad of the State constabulary is searching for the burglars.

A half pint can of Campbell's Stain will restore the finish on four ordinary chairs. Any lady can use it. When applied it flows under the brush, and dries without showing laps. A quart of Campbell's Floor Finish will do an ordinary floor one coat. Ask J. C. Hamlin for color card.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—DeWitt's is the original. Be sure you get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. It is good for cuts burns and bruises, and especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

WM. MONHEIMER.

"BILLY POSSUM"

is the name of the newest hat in the land. We've got 'em, the

"BILLY POSSUM HATS"

in green, brown, grey, blue and black—'tis a soft hat, the "Billy Possum" is and a "Beauty" too. Can be worn in 3 different shapes; sizes $6\frac{3}{4}$ to $7\frac{3}{8}$.

$2.50

is the price, and worth it too.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

**A New Lot of Shirts**

"MONARCH" and "CLUETT" MAKE

You men who have been paying $2.50 to $4.00 for made-to-order Shirts drop around and see this lot now on sale.

It's a waste of money to pay such prices for shirts when the "Monarch" and "Cluett" custom made can be had at less than half what the made to order man will charge you. Just as good a shirt, too, in every particular—fit, style and workmanship.

There's a shirt here to fit you if your stout or average, long or short armed; fit you better, too, than nine out of ten of the made to order sort.

The materials are of the most dependable kinds and according to fashion's most favored notions—the workmanship the best that human hands can do.

Coat style, attached or separate cuffs, $1.00 and $1.50.
Coat style or Regular Cut, separate cuffs, $1.00.
Regular Cut, soft collars and cuffs attached, $1.00 and $1.50.
Stouts, for the fat man, $1.25 and $1.50.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THORNTON & CHESTER

Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly, Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,
THE CASH GROCER.

EASTER NOVELTIES

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.
SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

EXPERT AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING & BUILDING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

AUTO ACCESSORIES

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257 North Union Street.
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Now is the Time to Get Your Automobile Tires and Rubber Goods Repaired

RETREADING, RECOVERING, REBUILDING AND REPAIRING done promptly and in a first-class manner.

Try a set of our inner cases, either puncture proof or plain, to insert between casing and tube; no possility of heating; permits of safety using Casings until worn through.

OLEAN RUBBER CO., 257 North Union St., Olean, N. Y.
All Work Guaranteed

Chas. S. Mooney, Pres. & Gen'l. Mgr. W. A. Grinard, Sec'y & Treas.

# MEMORIAL AT LONELY

By **FRANK H. SWEET.**

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"Then you won't tell him to stop coming?"

"How can I?" mildly. "He's a nice young man—nice ways and nice talking. And he's company for Etta—and for me, too," with unusual spirit. "It's been lonesome up here since John died. We used to read a good deal and—and *talk*," a wistful quaver coming into her voice. "John loved books, like Etta. We read now and talk, us two, but it—it can't ever be—the same. I was glad when Howard Chandler camped in the woods near us and began to call. He likes books, too, and knows what is going on in the world. He's been company for us both."

"Company," aggressively. "An' me an' Ben livin' right here in arm's length! Ben left his tanbarkin' all last week an' hung around Etta just to be company, an' Etta scarcely noticed him. An' I'll say right here an' now that Ben don't like this Howard Chandler. That's what he's hangin' around so much for."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Jane," expostulated the other woman. "Etta is only a little girl yet and not ready for such thoughts. And—and, if you won't mind my saying so, Ben isn't the sort of company she ought to have. He drinks a good deal and won't work. That tanbarking job he's been talking about a year, and I don't believe he's worked on it a week altogether. He's always leaving it for something. Ben couldn't support a wife even up here in the woods. He's too much like"—

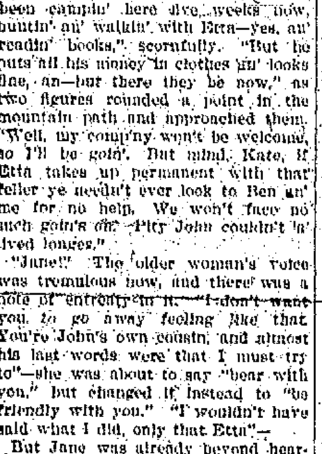
Jane bounced up angrily.

"Like his pa, I suppose you was goin' to say," she snapped. "Well, p'raps he is. I hope so. I like folks to be just what they be, an' Ben goes round with corduroys an' galluses an' pipe in his mouth, with no put on. This Howard Chandler of yours works mebbe, though I've never seen it. He's been campin' here five weeks now, huntin' an' walkin' with Etta—yes, an' readin' books," scornfully. "But he puts all his money in clothes an' looks fine, an—but there they be now," as two figures rounded a point in the mountain path and approached them. "Well, my comp'ny won't be welcome, so I'll be goin'. But mind, Kate, if Etta takes up permanent with that feller ye needn't ever look to Ben an' me for no help. We won't face no such goin's on. Pity John couldn't 'a' lived longer."

"Jane!" The older woman's voice was tremulous now, and there was a note of entreaty in it. "I don't want you to go away feeling like that. You're John's own cousin, and almost his last words were that I must try to"—she was about to say "bear with you," but changed it instead to "be friendly with you." "I wouldn't have said what I did, only that Etta"—

But Jane was already beyond hearing, her head high in the air.

Kate Jordan sighed, and her dim old eyes swept down the slope and out across the valley beyond. It was all woods, woods, woods, beautiful, but inexpressively lonely. Save for these two little cabins, a stone's throw apart, there was no sign of habitation within the whole range of vision. Her husband when they first came here, ten years before, had well named the place Lonely.


"ETTA HAS PROMISED TO MARRY ME."

But in his quiet way he had liked it. He had had his books and his thoughts and his short, feeble walks among the rocks and trees, and his physician had said that the quiet and the ozone of the mountain top were the only things left that could help him retain his frail hold on life. So she and Etta had never, by word or look, expressed a consciousness of the isolation, and even when he had spoken of it, watching them wistfully, they had forced gladness into their eyes and assured him it was all beautiful. But after he left it all came over them—the deadly isolation and crushing loneliness. As a girl and woman Kate Jordan had been in society and always, till they came here, with many friends and acquaintances around her, and the quiet years had bridged from Etta's childish remembrance of ten to her young womanhood.

But neither of them would have had it otherwise, for it had made possible the ten more years with a husband and grandfather whose very existence had been a privilege for those who could be near him. To Etta the grand frail old scholar meant all that was noble and tender; to Kate Jordan the remembrance of him was now life.

True, there were Ben and his mother. But their presence only added to the desolation of the isolation. The shiftless family for years had been looked after by Professor Jordan, and when he came to the mountains he had consented for them to follow. His pension was not large, but it had been sufficient to maintain the two families in the woods. Now, with him gone and the pension stopped the natural aggressiveness of Ben and his mother was arrogating to themselves what had been done by the dead man. They tried to constitute themselves watchdog and guardian and censor—all that did not imply actual giving or help.

"Looking out across a bit of nature that is unspoiled by man," said Howard Chandler as he and Etta stopped beside her, "I can understand how Professor Jordan loved that view. While a man has strength there is work out in the world for him to do, that he ought to do, wants to do, but when the strength goes it is good to live beside and above a view like that, with its sublimity entering into one's soul. I have been here only five weeks and feel like a new man."

"You came here for rest, then?" said Mrs. Jordan, for Howard had spoken little of himself.

"Yes; I worked rather hard at college, and my doctor advised it. And I have you and Etta—Miss Jordan here—to thank for contributing so much to the pleasure of the stay. You have been nice to me."

"It has been mutual. Do you think of leaving so soon?"

"Yes, though not for a few days. Miss Jordan and I have been talking, and she spoke of—of Memorial day, and"—

Mrs. Jordan's eyes grew tender.

"It is our first memorial," she said in a low voice. "John was a soldier, and the real cause of his death was a wound he received long ago in the war. Etta and I want to gather a few flowers, and—and"—

She could go no further, for her voice began to tremble, and her eyes had filled with tears. Howard sat down beside her on the roughly hewn log bench which ran around two sides of the cabin.

"I understand," he said gently, "and with your permission I will stay over until after Memorial day and join you. There are very few flowers in the vicinity except dogwood and the wild wind flowers, which fade quickly. But I know of a fine clump of white rhododendrons several miles down the slope that are in full bloom, and I will bring some of them, and perhaps I can find a few flowers in the valley. My grandfather was a soldier, and I have always taken part in Memorial day exercises at home. I will be glad to join you, the more so from what Miss Jordan has told me of the brave man who has gone. She says you are from the western part of the state. May I ask to what regiment he belonged?"

"The Second volunteers, Company C. He was first lieutenant and served from the beginning. About his only regret at being up here was that he could not see anything more of his old comrades. He often wondered what they were doing and how many of them were still alive. His great wish was to see his old commander, General Tavis, once more. They were at college together and dear friends. When General Tavis founded his company my husband was the first one to enroll his name. I wish I knew the general's address so I could write him about John."

Howard's face had grown eager, and he was about to speak, but checked himself.

"You have heard of the company perhaps?" said Mrs. Jordan wistfully. "It did some very hard fighting, and more than one-half of the company were killed in the war, and many others were wounded, some of whom soon died. There cannot be very many left."

Howard's face was grave, tender, reminiscent.

"Yes, I know of the company and its brave deeds," he answered. "When at home I always went to the reunions with my grandfather and knew something of all the companies in the state. But everybody has heard of Company C, its heroism and tragedy. Only two comrades were supposed left to answer their name at roll call, and one of them was Lieutenant Jordan. I did not connect him with Professor Jordan when talking with Etta. The only man left of the whole company now is General Tavis."

Mrs. Jordan's eyes filled; then a strange, faraway look came into them.

"John has all his comrades with him, then," she murmured, "and they are up there waiting for their old commander. A little while—only a little while—longer and they will welcome me too. Brave men are tender men, and they will save a place for me beside John."

"Please *don't*, grandma," pleaded Etta. "Grandfather can wait for you awhile longer, and I need you here more than he does there. Think of me here alone."

The old woman drew the girl down upon her lap, but the faraway look remained in her eyes.

"You will be taken care of, child, like the rest of us," she said. "But don't worry. I am just as strong today as I was yesterday and as I expect to be tomorrow. I was but talking my thoughts, and in an old woman thoughts are moods and reminiscences. I may be with you for years yet, though it will necessarily be years of increasing dependence rather than help. But, remember, whatever comes, you will be taken care of."

Howard was on his feet before them, eager, resolute.

"Mrs. Jordan," he cried impetuously, "I had not intended to tell you yet. Indeed, I had not intended for Etta to know until I felt more sure she cared for me. But we met Ben down the path, and it all came out in an unguarded moment. Etta has promised to marry me some time, but after what has been said and what passed between Ben and myself on the path I think it would better be soon. I can care for you and Etta then, and, although Ben and his mother are relatives, I am afraid they will not be very pleasant neighbors. I had intended to go home and get established in some business and then come back for your consent and Etta. You have only known me for a few weeks, so I should bring credentials for your inspection. Etta would not care for them. But now I think it best for me to go down only for a day or two and, with your consent, come back with a minister. Memorial day is Wednesday, and I'll get here Tuesday *afternoon*. Thursday or Friday we will all go to my house until I make other arrangements."

"JOHN'S WIFE," HE SAID GENTLY.

"Leave here!" exclaimed Mrs. Jordan.

"Yes; it will be best. Your husband would say so. From what you have told me of your life since he died you can realize something of what the future would be. We could come back every year, and it will be nice to come at this season, to be here Memorial day. You can trust me, Mrs. Jordan."

The old woman looked at him steadily for some moments, her eyes softening.

"Yes, Howard, I can trust you," she said. "You could not look at me like that otherwise. It may be you are right. I think you are. We will expect you Tuesday."

After he had gone the yearning wistfulness again returned to her eyes.

"I wish I had asked him to bring a few rosebuds," she said regretfully. "John loved roses more than all the other flowers. They were his favorites. I did think of it, but did not like to ask."

"Oh, grandma, I wish you had!" exclaimed Etta. "Howard would have been only too glad. And he won't be back in time to get the rhododendrons he spoke about. We must pick all the flowers we can, and perhaps we will find some pretty leaves to arrange with them."

So all day Monday and Tuesday morning saw them searching after flowers; but, though the quantity was satisfactory, the quality was not, as showed in the disappointed eyes. They were on the bench seat arranging them when they heard the sound of hoof beats and looked down the path to see four horsemen approaching instead of two.

Howard and a tall, distinguished looking man with white hair and beard were riding ahead. Behind them was a grave young fellow whose dress bespoke the clergyman. The fourth rider was almost hidden by a huge pasteboard box carried across the pommel of his saddle. Howard and his companion sprang from their horses—the older with almost as much ease as the younger—and came forward.

"Mrs. Lieutenant Jordan," said Howard, "this is my grandfather, General Tavis, and this," lingering a little on the name, "is Etta, grandfather."

Mrs. Jordan had risen to welcome them, but at the name she suddenly swayed. The general caught both her hands.

"John's wife," he said gently. "I would like to have met you under different circumstances with him, but waited too long. When Howard told me, I had to come. And this is Etta," turning to the young girl and kissing her. "Howard has told me about you, too, my dear. He is fortunate. And I am fortunate in the prospect of having you and John's wife with me. I tell Howard he must not think of going away into business. My affairs are too much for an old man like me to attend to, and my house is altogether too large for my own use. I think we can be very happy there together. Now, Peter," to the man with the big box, "you may bring the roses here."

"Roses?" faltered Mrs. Jordan.

"Yes. I remembered they were John's favorite flower, so have brought a few. You and Etta can show Peter how to arrange them while Howard and I walk up the slope a little way. Later we will talk about John."

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Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them and play their own play in innocent defiance of the blue laws of the world.
—Emerson.

## FACTS IN FEW LINES

There are only 770,000 natives in all of Siberia.

Bathing in the snow is a common custom in Russia.

The coal output of Japan is increasing at a marvelous rate.

Transvaal gold averages half an ounce to the ton of quartz.

An attempt to regulate the height of the electric "sky-signs" of New York has failed.

The inhabitants of the Marquesas islands are among the most expert tattooers on earth.

A Connecticut paper mill has succeeded in making a tough paper with a fine grain from Texas sugar cane.

It has been decided that each unit of the Italian national forces shall adopt a boy orphaned by the great earthquake as a "child of the regiment."

The number of telephones in the whole world is estimated at 9,500,000, of which 7,000,000 are said to be in use in America and 2,000,000 in Europe.

Until very recently rubbers as articles of footwear were unknown in Mexico, because the prices asked were so high that few people cared to buy them.

Orders have been given for the establishment, at Amoy, China, of a branch of the American marine hospital. Surgeon A. D. Foster will be in charge.

One aspect of the increasing wanton destruction of forests in Canada is that it diminishes the profits from the pelts of fur bearing animals whose home is in these forests.

The total amount of capital invested in buildings at Messina is calculated at about $40,000,000, at Reggio at $10,000,000, and the greatest portion of this capital is irrevocably lost.

An entirely new design in the construction of electric lamps has been recently brought out, the novel feature of which is the entire absence, so far as the eye is concerned, of all wires.

Mr. Roosevelt will go down in history, among other distinctions, says the Boston Transcript, as the only president whose name the American people never learned to pronounce, Ro as in rose, is proper.

The population of the state of Vera Cruz may be approximately put down at 1,200,000. Every settlement, village, town and city is provided with private and public educational institutions for the elementary education of the people.

A live terrier was rescued from the ruins of a private house at Messina after having been buried for nearly three weeks. The animal's only food had been a package of wax candles and the contents of a few broken bottles of wine.

India has enacted a law for the protection of wild animals and birds. The local government is empowered to declare a close time during which it will be unlawful to capture, kill or to deal in any specified kind of game or the plumage of any specified bird.

Six cotton shirts, worth about 75 cents each, were recently shipped from Paris to Cincinnati to be laundered by a large Cincinnati firm. The object is to compare the work done in this country with that done in Paris. The duty on the shirts was 50 per cent of the value.

The owners of grain godowns and warehouses in Calcutta are compelled by municipal regulation in Calcutta to pave with concrete to prevent the ingress of rats, which, it is believed, will aid materially in the extermination of these active distributers of the plague germ.

An English writer says that, although turbine and suction gas systems have not reached perfection, British engineers are seriously experimenting with electric propulsion—the installation of powerful generators which will furnish the requisite rotatory action to the screws.

The fiftieth anniversary of the famous hymn "There's a Home For Little Children," was celebrated recently at Newport, Isle of Wight, when the author, Mr. Albert Midlane, who is eighty-four, was invited to the public square. Two thousand Sunday school children of all denominations sang the hymn.

The causes of decay in building stone are various and depend on the physical structure of the stone, its composition and the nature of the surrounding atmosphere. The most destructive agent to which the stone is exposed is rain or a moist atmosphere and also, in a minor degree, wind, frost and smoke.

Since the hours between 9 p. m. and 4 a. m. are not busy ones for the French telegraphic lines, the French postoffice department has inaugurated the telegraphic letter. Any one who misses the mail for a provincial town may have the letter telegraphed at the rate of 20 cents for a hundred words, and it will be delivered by the first post next morning.

Twenty-eight miles from Boston, in the town of Maynard, is a typical Finnish village. It has a population of 1,700 Finns, who are following the old customs of their race. They have their own sports, their own food and their own fete days. They make their own clothes, weave their own woolen garments, and they refuse to learn English.

Raisuli, who became famous as a bandit, has been appointed governor of the province of Djebala by the sultan of Morocco. Raisuli has promised to renounce the ransom paid in behalf of Sir Harry Maclean, the sultan's adviser, whom Raisuli held as a prisoner in 1907. The new governor promises to fulfill the duties of his office honestly and not to oppose Europeans.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

### A Charming Linen Gown.

This fetching little imported gown is of light blue linen braided in blue, with a crush girdle of blue silk. The waist and sleeves of blue fish net over the linen give the gown a decidedly chic and unique effect. The cuffs and upper sleeve bands are of braided linen, and the tiny yoke is of soft batiste, tucked, and the whole creation is delightfully girlish. The materials for this charming little gown will not exceed $8.50 in cost. Eight yards of linen at 60 cents, two yards of net at 75 cents, two pieces of braid, three-quarters of a yard of silk, cut on the bias, sewing cotton, hooks, eyes and the tucked batiste yoke are the materials required.

IN LIGHT BLUE LINEN.

### Ruby Most Precious Gem.

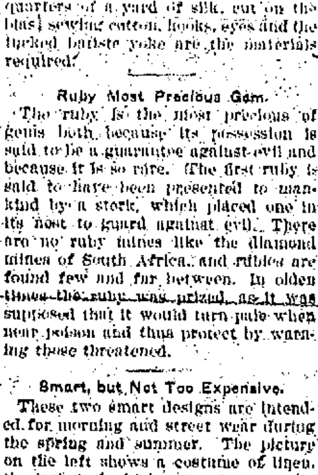
The ruby is the most precious of gems both because its possession is said to be a guarantee against evil and because it is so rare. The first ruby is said to have been presented to mankind by a stork, which placed one in its nest to guard against evil. There are no ruby mines like the diamond mines of South Africa, and rubies are found few and far between. In olden times the ruby was prized, as it was supposed that it would turn pale when near poison and thus protect by warning those threatened.

### Smart, but Not Too Expensive.

These two smart designs are intended for morning and street wear during the spring and summer. The picture on the left shows a costume of linen, the jacket of which, cut quite severely, is trimmed with big flat pearl buttons. Straight lines strike the keynote of this suit, as jacket, sleeves and high collar give this fashionable "sandwich" effect. The coat is cut short enough to admit of laundering.

The suit on the right is of pongee, trimmed with jet buttons, black silk cording and black silk revers. The model would be charming for the going away suit of the spring bride. If pongee is thought too lightweight for the season the model will develop with equal success in panama, mohair or any of the spring woolen fabrics. The skirts of both suits are made perfectly plain, with seven gores.

These suits, which are as chic and modish as they are simple, may be made up at comparatively little cost to the home dressmaker. The prices given below are for really good materials. Cheaper qualities may be obtained, however, thus reducing the expense.


TWO ATTRACTIVE WALKING SUITS.

The suit at the right will come within a limit of $11. Six and one-half yards of cloth at $1, five yards of messaline for lining at 55 cents and three-fourths of a yard of "dollar" black silk will be the principal requisites. Forty cents for six jet buttons, 25 cents for sewing silk and 25 cents for a pattern will bring the cost to $10.90.

The linen suit is, of course, unlined and a very good quality can be had at 50 cents a yard, as the linen is not as wide. In woolen materials seven yards or possibly eight will be required, so it is a simple matter to keep the cost of materials for this suit within a $6 limit.

## Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—S. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. Lesherburne, E. E. Heath, R. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—C. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John H. Eastman, B. R. Rowley, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. R. Hyde.
Auditors—G. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rudin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

## Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third; and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WAID BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EHRENSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOUNEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
ED. IRONS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

## Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

*Episcopal.*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

*All Saints' Memorial Chapel*—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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TWO CANDIDATES
ILLUSTRATION BY A. Weil
BY HAROLD MACGRATH
AUTHOR OF THE MAN ON THE BOX, HEARTS & MASKS
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# TWO CANDIDATES

(Continued from last week).

Newcomb remained motionless in his chair, studying the night. So much for his dreams! He knew what McDormott's "I'll do what I can" meant. If only he had not put his heart so thoroughly into the campaign! Was there any honesty? Was it worth while to be true to oneself?

From among some old papers in a drawer Newcomb produced the portrait of a young girl of 16 in fancy dress. When he had studied this a certain length of time, he took out another portrait; it was the young girl grown into superb womanhood. The eyes were kind and merry, the mouth beautiful, the brow fine and smooth like a young poet's, a nose with the slightest tilt; altogether a high-bred, queenly, womanly face, such as makes a man desire to do great things in the world. Newcomb had always loved her. He had gone through the various phases: the boy, the diffident youth, the man. (Usually it takes three women to bring about these changes!) There was nothing wild or incoherent in his love, nothing violent or passionate; rather the serene light, the steady burning light, that guides the ships at sea; constant, enduring, a sure beacon.

It Was the Young Girl Grown Into Superb Womanhood.

As he studied the face from all angles his jaws hardened. He lifted his chin defiantly. He had the right to love her; he had lived cleanly, he had dealt justly to both his friends and his enemies, he owed no man; he was bound only to his mother, who had taught him the principles of manly living. He had the right to love any woman in the world. . . . And there was Williard—handsome, easy-going old Dick. Why was it written that their paths must cross in everything? Yes, Dick loved her, too, but with an affection that had come only with majority. Williard had everything to offer besides. Should he step down and aside for his friend? Did friendship demand such a sacrifice? No! Let Williard fight for her as he (Newcomb) intended to fight for her; and if Williard won, there would be time then to surrender.

It was almost twelve when the scrub-woman aroused him from his reveries. He closed his desk and went home, his heart full of battle. He would put up the best fight that was in him, for love and for fame; and if he lost he would still have his manhood and self-respect, which any woman might be proud to find at her feet, to accept or decline. He would go into Murphy's own country and fight him openly and without secret weapons.

So the time went forward. The second Tuesday in November was but a fortnight off. Newcomb fought every inch of ground. He depended but little, if any, upon McDermott's assistance, though that gentleman came gallantly to his rescue, as it was necessary to save his own scalp. It crept into the papers that there was a rupture between Murphy and the Democratic candidate. The opposition papers cried in glee; the others remained silent. Murphy said nothing when questioned; he simply smiled. Newcomb won the respect of his opponents. The laboring classes saw in him a Moses, and they hailed him with cheers whenever they saw him.

There were many laughable episodes during the heat of the campaign;; but Newcomb knew how and when to laugh. He answered questions from the platform, and the ill-mannered were invariably put to rout by his good-natured wit. Once they hoisted him on top of a bar in an obscure saloon. His shoulders touched the gloomy ceiling, and he was forced to address the habitues, with his head bent like a turtle's, his nose and eyes offended by the heat and reek of kerosene and cheap tobacco. They had brought him there to bait him; they carried him out on their shoulders. To those who wanted facts he gave facts; to some he told humorous stories, more or less applicable; and to others he spoke his sincere convictions.

Meantime Williard took hold of affairs, but in a bored fashion. He did the best he knew how, but it wasn't the best that wins high place in the affections of the people.

The betting was even.

Election day came round finally—one of those rare days when the pallid ghost of summer returns to view her past victories, when the broad wings of the west go a-winnowing the skies, and the sun shines warm and grateful. On that morning a change took place in Newcomb's heart. He became filled with dread. After leaving the voting polls early in the morning, he returned to his home and refused to see any one. He even had the telephone wires cut. Only his mother saw him, and hovered about him with a thousand kindly attentions. At the door she became a veritable dragon; not even telegraph messengers could pass her or escape her vigilance.

At six in the evening Newcomb ordered around his horse. He mounted and rode away into the hill country south of the city, into the cold crisp autumn air. There was fever in his veins that needed cooling; there were doubts and fears in his mind that needed clearing. He wanted that sense of physical exhaustion which makes a man indifferent to mental blows.

The day passed and the night came. Election night! The noisy, good-natured crowds in the streets; the jostling, snail-moving crowds! The illuminated canvas-sheets in front of the newspaper offices! The blare of horns, the cries, the yells, the hoots and hurrahs! The petty street fights! The stalled surface cars, the swearing cabbies, the venders of horns and whistles, the newsboys hawking their extras! It is the greatest of all spectacular nights; humanity comes out into the open.

The newspaper offices were yellow with lights. It was a busy time. There was a continuous coming and going of messengers bringing in returns. The newspaper men took off their coats and rolled up their sleeves. Figures, figures, thousands of figures to sift and resift! Filtering through the various noises was the maddening click of the telegraph instruments. Great drifts of waste paper littered the floors. A sandwich man served coffee and sandwiches. The chief distributed cigars. Everybody was writing. Five men were sent out to hunt for Newcomb, but none could find him. His mother refused to state where he had gone; in fact, she knew nothing, save that he had gone horseback riding.

At nine there was a gathering at the club. Williard was there, and all who had charge of the wheels within wheels. They had ensconced themselves in the huge davenports in the bow window facing the street, and had given orders to the steward to charge everything to Senator Gordon. A fabulous number of corks were pulled; but gentlemen are always orderly.

Williard, however, seemed anything but happy. He had dined at the senator's that evening, and something had taken place there which the general public would never learn. He was gloomy, and the wine he drank only added to his gloom.

The younger element began to wander in, carrying those execrable rooster-posters. A gay time ensued.

Newcomb had ridden 12 miles into the country. At eight o'clock the temperature changed and it began to snow. He turned and rode back toward the city, toward victory or defeat. Sometimes he went at a canter, sometimes at a trot. By and by he could see the aureola from the electric lights wavering above the city. Once he struck a wind-match and glanced at his watch. Had he lost or won? A whimsical inspiration came to him. He determined to hear victory or defeat from the lips of the girl he loved. The snow fell softly into his face and melted. His hair became matted over his eyes; his gauntlets dripped and the reins became slippery; a steam rose from the horse's body, a big-hearted hunter on which he had ridden many a mile.

"Good boy!" said Newcomb; "we'll have it from her lips."

Finally he struck the asphalt of the city limits, and he slowed down to a walk. He turned into obscure streets. Whenever he saw a bonfire, he evaded it.

It was ten o'clock when he drew up in front of the Gordon home. He tied his horse to the post with the hitching chain and knotted the reins so that they would not slip over the horse's head, wiped his face with his handkerchief, and walked bravely up to the veranda. There were few lights. Through the library window he saw the girl standing at the telephone. He prayed that she might be wholly alone. After a moment's hesitation he pressed the button and waited.

Betty herself came to the door. She peered out.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I did not expect that you would recognize me," said Newcomb, laughing.

"John? Where in the world did you come from?" taking him by the arm and dragging him into the hall. "Good gracious!"

"The truth is, Betty, I took to my heels at six o'clock, and have been riding around the country ever since." He sent her a penetrating glance.

"Come in to the fire," she cried, impulsively. "You are cold and wet and hungry."

"Only wet," he admitted as he entered the cheerful library. He went directly to the blazing grate and spread out his red, wet, aching hands. He could hear her bustling about; it was a pleasant sound. A chair rolled up to the fender; the rattle of a tea table followed. It was all very fine. "I ought to be ashamed to enter a house in these reeking clothes," he said; "but the temptation was too great."

"You are always welcome, John," softly.

His keen ear caught the melancholy sympathy in her tone. He shrugged. He had lost the fight. Had he won, she would already have poured forth her congratulations.

"Sit down," she commanded, "while I get the tea. Or would you prefer brandy?"

"The tea, by all means. I do not need brandy to bolster up my courage." He sat down.

She left the room and returned shortly with biscuit and tea. She filled a cup, put in two lumps of sugar and passed the cup to him.

"You've a good memory," he said, smiling at her. "It's nice to have one's likes remembered, even in a cup of tea. I look as if I had been to war, don't I?"

She buttered a biscuit. He ate it, not because he was hungry, but because her fingers had touched it. It was a phantom kiss. He put the cup down.

"Now, which is it—have I been licked, or have I won?"

"What!" she cried; "do you mean to tell me you do not know?" She gazed at him bewilderingly.

"I have been four hours in the saddle. I know nothing, save that which instinct and the sweet melancholy of your voice tell me. Betty, tell me, I've been licked, haven't I, and old Dick has gone and done it, eh?"

The girl choked for a moment; there was a sob in her throat.

"Yes, John."

Newcomb reached over and tapped the hearth with his riding crop, absent-mindedly. The girl gazed at him, her eyes shining in a mist of unshed tears. . . . She longed to reach out her hand and smooth the furrows from his care-worn brow, to brush the melting crystals of snow from his hair; longed to sooth the smart of defeat which she knew was burning his heart. She knew that only strong men suffer in silence.

From the half-opened window the night breathed upon them, freighted with the far-off murmur of voices.

"I confess to you that I built too much on the outcome. I am ambitious; I want to be somebody, to take part in the great affairs of the world. I fought the very best I knew how. I had many dreams. Do you recollect the verses I used to write to you when we were children? There was always something of the poet in me, and it is still there, only it no longer develops on paper. I had looked toward Washington . . . . even toward you, Betty."

Silence. The girl sat very still. Her face was white and her eyes large.

"I am honest. I can see now that I have no business in politics. . . . ." He laughed suddenly and turned toward the girl. "I was on the verge of wailing. I'm licked; and I must begin all over again. Dick will make a good mayor, that is, if they leave him alone. . . . . Whimsical, wasn't it, of me, coming here to have you tell me the news?" He looked away.

Williard, However, Seemed Anything But Happy.

The girl smiled and held out her hand to him, and as he did not see it, laid it gently on his sleeve.

"It does not matter, John. Some day you will realize all your ambitions. You are not the kind of man who gives up. Defeat is a necessary step to greatness; and you will become great. I am glad that you came to me." She knew now; all her doubts were gone, all the confusing shadows.

Newcomb turned and touched her hand with his lips.

"Why did you come to me?" she asked with fine courage.

His eyes widened. "Why did I come to you? If I had won I should have told you. But I haven't won; I have lost."

"Does that make the difference so great?"

"It makes the difficulty greater."

"Tell me!" with a voice of command.

They both rose suddenly, rather unconsciously, too. Their glances held, magnet and needle-wise. Across the street a bonfire blazed, and the ruddy light threw a mellow rose over their strained faces.

"I love you," he said simply. "That is what drew me here, that is what has always drawn me here. But say nothing to me, Betty. God knows I am not strong enough to suffer two defeats in one night. God bless you and make you happy!"

He turned and took a few steps toward the door.

"If it were not defeat . . . . if it were victory?" she said, in a kind of whisper, her hands on the back of the chair.

The senator came in about midnight. He found his daughter asleep in a chair before a half-dead fire. There was a tender smile on her lips. He touched her gently.

"It is you, daddy?" Her glance traveled from his florid countenance to the clock. "Mercy! I have been dreaming those two hours."

"What do you suppose Newcomb did to-night?" lighting a cigar.

"What did he do?"

"Came into the club and congratulated Williard publicly."

"He did that?" cried the girl, her cheeks dyeing exquisitely.

"Did it like a man, too." The senator dropped into a chair. "It was a great victory, my girl."

Betty smiled. "Yes, it was."

THE END.

# ON THE TRAIL of the DOLAN OUTFIT

By G. B. DUNHAM

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Near the close of a chilly spring afternoon a horseman, driving before him another animal heavily packed, made his way slowly along the road which follows the windings of the North Platte river—that fickle and irresponsible stream, now high, now low, cutting new channels, undermining groves and sandbar meadows.

The water was high and rising. The road only a few feet above its level was sloppy and slippery from recent rain.

The road became heavier, and the man looked about vainly for some sheltered spot where he might camp. On his right hand the river flowed darkly; to the left the valley, even as a floor, and scarcely above the river level, extended for a mile to a high and broken cliff. The only break within the prospect was a distant clump of three or four great cottonwoods beside the stream; and muttering that he would spend the night in a treetop to get off the sodden earth, the man headed toward them.

The drizzle had now become a sharp sleet, which fell noisily, and was rapidly changing the tone of the landscape from dull green to glassy white when he drew rein at the cottonwoods.

The trees stood upon a slight rise of ground, and the man, now pulling up the hat-brim which had sheltered his face from the sharp sleet, saw, to his surprise, that he had halted between two cabins built beneath their shade. The little earth-roofed buildings of one room each stood face to face at a distance of some 40 feet.

"Twins," said the traveler.

The door of one cabin opened wide and a man in a buckskin shirt surveyed the newcomer, closing the door with a bang when the traveler sprang from his horse.

"Hello," shouted the horseman, hammering on the door; "you are d—inhospitable."

"You bet," said a voice behind him; "come right in. A rough day. Looks like Uncle Billy left the cover off the ice box, don't it?" And in the door of the other cabin stood, apparently, the same man, inviting him to enter and be at home.

"Twins!" ejaculated the astonished traveler.

"Put your horse in the stable and come in," repeated the settler. "I got rheumatiz and don't like to get wet."

"As for that, I don't like to get wet," the man replied, going around the house.

After caring for his stock, the traveler came into the cabin.

"I don't like to get wet," he said; "I hate it as bad as a cat. But I've been wet for three days. I'm chasing the Dolan outfit of surveyors. Have you seen them?"

"Nobody takes the valley road in the spring," replied his host; "you ought to know enough to keep on the mesa in this weather."

"I shall next time," said the traveler. "Who is your crusty neighbor in the other cabin, that shut the door in my face?"

"I've got no neighbors," said he. "The other house belongs to me."

"But somebody shut that door on me," insisted the newcomer.

"You were turned around," suggested the settler; "the door of this one blew shut just as you rode up."

The traveler seemed, at first, inclined to contest the point, but let it drop and assisted his host to negotiate an ample supper of beans, hot bread and coffee.

When the tobacco smoke in the little room became dense enough to drive the dog into the open air the men grew confidential.

"If you are a surveyor," said the settler, who gave his name as Jo Byrnes, "I want you to run a line for me. I am trying to hold down two government claims. This one is my preemption, where the other cabin stands is my homestead. The line is somewhere between the two cabins. I have got a good pocket compass, and I have run it out for myself 50 times. Sometimes I make it run close to this door, and sometimes further north, but I don't know where it really is. I believe there is iron in those hills; how many degrees do you allow for iron? If I knew exactly where the line is, I would move my house onto it and place my bed across the line, so that I could sleep with my head on my homestead and my feet on my preemption. It keeps me all-fired busy to live in two cabins at once. I cook my meals in both houses and sleep every night in both beds. It is wearing me out. I haven't much money, but I'll give you ten dollars to locate that line for me so I can swear to it."

The young surveyor was glad enough to accept the proffered bunk in one of the cabins, and retired marveling at the idiosyncrasy of the man who would be to such pains to "beat the government" out of a strip of river-washed land. "It must be more than half under water, now," he reflected; "and if the rise continues a couple of days more the whole valley will be flooded."

The settler crossed to the other cabin, struck a light, slowly undressed, blew out his light, hurriedly resumed his clothes and passed out into the darkness. He was armed, but, for that matter, had worn a pistol in his belt all the evening. Noiselessly he groped along to the stable, where he found the surveyor's pack and unrolled the damp blankets. Not an inviting bed, surely, for a rheumatic, but he pulled off his boots and hat, and lay down with the blanket drawn over his head after the manner of the accustomed camper.

The first dull light of a cloudy morning scarcely showed between the chinks of the log stable when two men with sawed-off shot-guns in hand entered it and, stirring up the sleeper with a foot, commanded Byrnes to put up his hands. He was not easy to rouse, but at the third call scrambled up, saying: "Look out for that sorrel horse, stranger, he's a kicker."

"Now who are you and what are you doing here?" demanded one of the men.

"I'm a surveyor, and I'm looking for Dolan's outfit," replied Byrnes promptly; "have you seen them?"

"Who is in the cabins?" asked the man; "talk fast. I am the sheriff of this county; Jim, here, is my deputy."

"One cabin is empty, far as I know," said Byrnes, "and the man that owns the place is alone in the other."

"I appoint you a deputy to help me arrest him," said the sheriff. "Got a gun?"

"Yes, I got a gun," said Byrnes, "but I don't want anybody to waste any powder on me. The county don't pay me any salary to go up against things."

"Come along. You have no choice, I appoint you," said the sheriff.

"What do you want this settler for?" asked Byrnes, as he examined the loads in his revolver; "he don't look like a bad one."

"I want him for a dozen hold-ups on the stage road," he answered, "and for letting his gun go off a few times, and for robbing the mails and for some other trifles. Ready?"

The young surveyor wakened soon after dawn, and looked out of the cabin's one window just as the three armed men quickly and silently came to the door. He recognized his host among them, and his instant conclusion was that he had fallen among thieves. The door had no fastenings and had already been pushed ajar when he crowded the heavy table against it, braced himself, and cried out that the first man who stuck his nose through the door would lose it.

"Plunk him through the door," suggested Byrnes as they paused.

"I would," said the sheriff, "only I want to get him alive, so as to find out where he caches his plunder. Now listen, you man inside," he continued, "you are only one against three, and you are bound to lose. You may get one of us, but you can't get us all, and if you don't walk out like a gentleman we will fire this shanty and smoke you out. You know me. I'm the sheriff of this county, and I want you."

"You can't hold me up if there were 30 of you," said the surveyor, "and you wouldn't get five dollars apiece if you did."

"Hold-up be damned," replied the sheriff impatiently; "you've got hold-up on the brain. You know me, I've got a warrant for you. Look here," said he, poking it through the door.

"Why," said the surveyor, "you are barking up the wrong tree, sheriff," and he got down from the table and flung open the door; "I'm not Jo Byrnes; that's the man you want," pointing at his host.

"That's all right," said the sheriff; "just keep your hands up until I get the bracelets, will you?" And despite his protests the surveyor was handcuffed and disarmed.

"Now, where's your plunder?" asked the sheriff. "You know I can make it a little easier for you if you show up what you've got."

"I'll make it easier for you if you take me into town handcuffed," retorted the indignant surveyor. "Why, 50 men in that town know who I am."

"Lots of people will know you before you get out of this scrape," replied the sheriff. "You have been pretty smooth. If you want to be a fool now you got caught, suit yourself, but we'll find the stuff just the same. Jim"—to his deputy—"put the prisoner on my horse and take him in. Put him in the steel tank. Come back with two more men to search for the stuff. There must be a fortune in coin lying around here somewhere, and I am going to stay and look it up."

The sheriff was so eager to begin the search that he scarcely waited to get his prisoner mounted and started.

"You will consider yourself a special deputy to assist me until my men come from town," he said to Byrnes, who wanted to be off to find his surveyors.

"What has the man done?" asked Byrnes.

"He is the most successful road agent that ever operated in these parts and he has lived right here within six miles of the stage road for two years. He always fooled us by riding off north after each job and coming in here afterwards on foot. I just lately got onto his game. I have been on his trail three days, and if I'd not lost it in the mud would have been here yesterday."

"Then I should not have been here to help you," said Byrnes.

"Pretty good thing for me to make such a capture just about now. It will be good for two years more in office."

"What's it worth?"

"Sixteen thousand for the two years, if it don't cost too much to get there."

"I suppose that road agent has made more than that in two years?" ventured Byrnes.

"You bet; twelve thousand coin in one haul."

The deputy sheriff rode off toward town leading the horse upon which the victim of mistaken identity was mounted with his feet tied together under the cinch, and the sheriff, with the actual old sinner as special deputy, began the search for treasure. The prisoner's hat had been forgotten, and he and his captor returned to get it. As they rode from the cabin door the second time, the sheriff, pursuing his quest, pulled a ring in the floor, opening a small door, which disclosed a cellar. He descended into it, followed by Byrnes. And one of these two men was seen no more.

The surveyor, in custody of Deputy Jim, looked back from the heights two miles distant and saw one man leave the cabins and force his horse into the rapid current of the river. The horse swam strongly and landed on the north bank far down the stream.

The river had risen and overflowed the bottoms when the deputy and posse returned the next day, so that it was impossible to reach the cabins. One may swim a horse half a mile on occasion, if the water be deep enough, but one foot of water with soft mud beneath it is impassible.

When the freshet subsided the little knoll where the cabins had stood had crumbled and caved away into the stream. The clump of cottonwoods had been uprooted, and every vestige of the buildings had drifted away. A deposit of silt covered the valley from bluff to bluff, and no man could say where the cabins had stood.

The surveyor who went to town as a prisoner had no difficulty in establishing his identity, and returned with the party to see the end of his adventure. He and others spent much time in trailing the man who had been seen to swim the river and go northward, but he was never discovered nor identified. It was at first generally assumed that this man was Byrnes, who had made off with his ill-gotten riches after overcoming the sheriff. But later, when the sheriff's bondsmen were called upon to make up a small shortage in his accounts, it was held by some that the sheriff had made away with Byrnes, and found a cache so rich that he could not afford to come in and give it up.

A third ingenious theory was that Byrnes had "whacked up" with the sheriff, there being plunder enough to make both men rich, and that both had gotten away—the sheriff on horseback and Byrnes afoot. Finally (for the meager description that could be had of the man who rode away northward fitted to neither) it was held by many that the men had a fight over the treasure in the cellar or cave under the cabin, and that if the place could be located an excavation would recover both bodies and much coin.

The surveyor concerned himself chiefly with the physical features of the case. Later in the season he took the trouble to go down with his instrument, and demonstrated that no government subdivisional lines could have run near the site of the twin cabins. Nor was the names of Byrnes found on the books of the local land office.

No doubt the cabins were connected by a tunnel used by Byrnes to store his plunder. No doubt the tunnel is there yet. The cowboys who ride that range talk each spring of organizing a syndicate in the fall, and digging up the whole Platte Valley. It would be an interesting experiment.

### Prophetic Dream Fulfilled.

**It was stated at an inquest on a Dean Forest (England) collier, who had become entangled in the machinery, that on the previous night he woke up his wife and told her he had dreamed that while working with the machine an accident occurred and he had fallen into it.**

### Easy to Believe.

An English sexton in making his report of burials is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur: "Died, John Green, male; aged three days; unmarried."

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### A Threatening Comet.

M. Camille Flammarion, the great scientist, after many years of study, arrived at the conclusion that the world will in the twenty-fifth century come across the path of the comet Bella. On this occasion a collision will take place, and Bella being infinitely greater than the earth, a shock may be expected which, he calculates, will be 865 times greater than the shock caused by the collision between two trains, each traveling at sixty-five miles an hour.

### Sustaining Life.

Mrs. Andrew Crosse in her "Reminiscences" describes an old nurse born at Broomfield, England, who lived to be nearly a hundred. "All her life she had eaten 'a dew bit and breakfast, a stay bit and dinner, a nommet and crummet and a bit after supper'—eight meals in all. Besides this it was her invariable custom to mix together all the doctors' stuff left after any illness in the house and swallow it on the principle that what had cost money should not be wasted."

### Waldo Was Amply Justified.

Visitor—How old are you, Waldo? Waldo Emerson Bostonbeans—Does the subject really interest you, madam, or do you introduce it merely as a theme for polite conversation?—Life.

## SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias and Testatum Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1909,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel, or lot of land in the township of Wetmore, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of warrant No. 2881 of sub-division No. 332, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the south side of the West Kane public road one hundred three and one-half feet southwesterly from the northeast corner of Oliver Alden lot; thence south twenty-five minutes east on a line parallel with the east line of said lot four hundred ninety-two and three-tenths feet to a post; thence south eighty-nine degrees and thirty-five minutes west fifty-one and seven-tenths feet to a post; thence north twenty-five minutes west four hundred eighty-eight and one-half feet to the West Kane road; thence along said road north eighty-five degrees and twenty minutes east fifty-one and seven-tenths feet to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-five thousand one hundred eight square feet of land, be the same more or less and being part of block No. 32 as per plan of blocks surveyed by M. J. Dill in 1891.

Improved and having thereon erected one dwelling house and barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John G. Dilley, at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

J. W. Swartz, Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorneys.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the borough of Kane, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being part of lot No. 67 of the Merrill (or Hobbs) lands in sub-division No. 382, of warrant No. 2880, and further described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north line of Poplar street and Elk avenue, said point marking the south-east corner of lot No. 67; thence west along said north line of Poplar street sixty-five feet to a post; thence north one hundred forty feet to a post; thence east sixty-five feet to a post; thence south one hundred forty feet to the place of beginning. Containing nine thousand one hundred square feet of land, more or less. Being the same premises which Herman Nordahl, et ux., by their deed dated June 2, 1900, sold to Oscar Nelson, said deed being recorded in deed book 112, page 437, and being also the same premises which Oscar Nelson, by his deed dated Nov. 7, 1902, sold to Olivia Nelson, his wife, as by reference to deed book Vol. 126, page 450 &c., the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame building, with the usual and customary outbuildings pertaining thereto.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Olivia Nelson and Oscar Nelson, at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

J. W. Swartz, Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorneys.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Annin, county and state aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of lands of Manville Tuttle; thence north 70 perches to a post corner; thence east 28.5 rods to a post corner; thence south 70 rods to a post corner in the north line of lands of George W. Taylor lot No. 250; thence west by the north line of lot Nos. 250, 247 and 248, 28.5 rods to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred acres strict measure be the same more or less; and being part of a warrant in the name of John Keating. EXCEPTING and reserving the right of way heretofore conveyed to the Tidewater Pipe Company. Also excepting and reserving at all times unto said first party all of the oil, gas and mineral rights with the right to enter at all times upon the said premises for the purpose of mining, drilling or boring for said minerals, oil and gas. It is further agreed by and between said parties that if gas is found in paying quantities the said second parties shall have gas for one house.

Improved and having thereon one dwelling house, one shop, one log barn, one frame barn, sugar bush, and usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George H. Schoonover and Fred Schoonover, at the suit of Gilbert Moody.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiff's attorneys.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point the northeast corner of Johnston and Hilton streets; thence easterly along Johnston street, seventy-five (75) feet to a point; thence northerly parallel with Hilton street thirty (30) feet to a point; thence westerly parallel with Johnston street seventy-five feet (75) to a point in the line of said Hilton street; thence southerly along Hilton street, thirty (30) feet to the place of beginning, and being the whole of lot No. 806 and five (5) feet from off the southerly side of lot No. 807, of J. W. Hilton's Addition to Bradford, as per survey of L. Gorton, surveyor. Excepting and reserving all the oil and mineral rights and subject to the lease of Bovaird & Hensel.

Improved, and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and one one-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Exeter Woodard, executor of the last will and testament of Samuel Ames, deceased, George Brown, guardian of Leon E. Ames and Granville Ames, minor children of Samuel Ames, deceased, Arthur L. Ames and C. Edward Ames, at the suit of C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Brown & Schoonmaker, plaintiffs' attorneys.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain messuage or piece of land situate in the borough of Kane, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east line of Fraley street one hundred and fifty-five feet south of the southeast corner of Pine avenue and Fraley street; thence on this east line of Fraley street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) south fifty feet (50) to a post; thence parallel with Pine avenue, east one hundred and forty feet (140) to a post; thence parallel with Fraley street, north fifty feet (50); thence by the south line of an alley, parallel with Pine avenue, west one hundred and forty feet (140) to the place of beginning, as surveyed by T. L. Kane, containing seven thousand square feet (7000) more or less. Having erected thereon a frame dwelling and a frame barn. Being a part of warrant number 3210 and being the same piece or parcel of land which Elizabeth D. Kane, by her deed bearing date the first day of July, 1891, recorded in the office of the recorder of deeds of the said McKean county, in deed book Vol. 15, page 402 granted and conveyed to the said Sadie A. Zeller and being subject to the reservations contained in said deed from Elizabeth D. Kane to Sadie A. Zeller. And being the same property sold under contract to Emily Anna DeLong, said contract being dated August first, A. D. 1903. It being understood that said contract has been surrendered to the said Sadie A. Zeller and that the said Emily Anna DeLong has conveyed her interest in this property to the said G. W. Young by quit claim deed bearing date Feb. 8, 1908. Being the same premises conveyed by Sadie A. Zeller and Mark S. Zeller, her husband, to G. W. Young by deed dated February 3rd, 1908, and intended to be recorded.

Improved and having erected thereon a frame dwelling house and a frame barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of G. W. Young, at the suit of Ridgway Building and Loan Association.

F. H. Ely, plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, beginning at an iron pin one hundred (100) feet south from the southeast corner of Washington street and Bennett street; thence running southerly parallel with said Bennett street thirty-one (31) feet, more or less, to northwest corner of Thomas Connors; thence running easterly, parallel with said north line of said Thomas Connors' lands, one hundred (100) feet to lands of Elizabeth Schneider; thence running northerly twenty-nine (29) feet more or less to lands of N. Ballon; thence running westerly parallel with lands of said N. Ballon and Wm. McVeigh one hundred (100) feet to place of beginning of said iron pin and being the same property conveyed to Callie J. Guthrie by Mrs. Allen Allen and husband by deed dated April 3rd, 1891, recorded in the recorder's office in and for said county of McKean in deed book Vol. 114, page 547.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles T. Evans, administrator of the estate of Callie J. Guthrie, deceased, Elisha W. Guthrie, her husband, and Wayne J. Guthrie, Howard Guthrie now Howard Green, Carl Guthrie now Carl Rote, Dora Estella Guthrie now Dora Estella Dunn and Millard Guthrie now Millard Johnson, minor children and heirs at law of Callie J. Guthrie, deceased, and James George, guardian ad litem of Carl Guthrie now Carl Rote, Dora Estella Guthrie now Dora Estella Dunn, minor children of Callie J. Guthrie, deceased, at the suit of Willis H. Powers and Bertha A. Matson, executors of the last will and testament of Myron Matson, deceased.

M. L. Willis, plaintiff's attorney.

7.

Defendants' interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in Port Allegany borough, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at iron pin distant north 15 degrees west 53 feet from an iron pin in the centre of Grace avenue and Kathryne street; thence south 69 degrees west eight and one-half rods to the east line of an alley; thence north 21 degrees west eight and one-half rods to an iron pin; thence north 69 degrees east eight and one-half rods to an iron pin in the west line of Kathryne street; thence along the west line of said street south twenty-one degrees east eight and one-half rods to the place of beginning. Containing seventy-two and one-fourth square rods, be the same more or less, and further described as being lots Nos. 7 and 8 in block No. 6 in Benton's addition to the borough of Port Allegany.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and one frame barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. C. Maxham, Chauncey Maxham, Lottie E. Vanatta, Fred W. Maxham and Ida A. Manning, at the suit of Mrs. H. A. Cornell for use of Nora B. Trout.

C. W. Gavin, plaintiff's attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel of land known and designated as lot number four (4) according to a certain map entitled "Map of Building Lots of McDougall Avery & Co. in Bradford, McKean County, Pa., 1879. L. Gorton, Surveyor," which map is to be recorded in the recorder's office of McKean county, said lot fronting on the north side of Chautauqua Place, in the city of Bradford, and having a frontage on said street of twenty-five feet, and being a portion of the land devised to Emma Beans by her late husband, Isaiah Beans, by will dated the 25th day of February, 1881, and duly probated, and recorded in the office of the register of wills for McKean county; said lot having been conveyed to said Isaiah Beans by Charles E. Hequembourg by deed dated April 1st, 1882, and recorded in the recorder's office of said county of McKean, in deed book volume 45, at page fifty-six, and being the same property devised to Eleanor W. English by her grandmother, the said Emma Beans, by will dated the 9th day of March 1895, and duly probated and recorded in the office of the register of wills of said McKean county, and from the said Eleanor W. English inherited by the mortgagor herein, as the sole heir of the said Eleanor W. English, she having died intestate.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Adelaide L. English, at the suit of Mary C. Seeley, also suit of W. H. Duncan.

R. B. Stone, plaintiffs' attorney.

9.

Defendant's interest in all the merchantable timber on the tract of land situate in McKean county, Pennsylvania, containing two hundred twenty-five (225) acres, more or less, known and designated as lot number ninety-four (94) of warrant number 3013 in the township of Hamilton; together with the right of ingress into, upon and from the said lands for the term of seven years from the date hereof for the purpose of cutting and removing said timber therefrom, and together with all other rights that may be necessary and proper for cutting and removing said timber therefrom, including the right to use any and all roads found on said land; and to construct and to use such other roads as may be deemed necessary by the said party of the second part.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Neil Patterson, L. J. Holmes, R. J. Gates, and Neil Patterson, L. J. Holmes and R. J. Gates, trading as Kinzua Chemical Company, at the suit of Warren Savings Bank.

C. W. Stone, plaintiff's attorney.

10.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcel or tracts of land situate, lying and being in the Townships of Ceres and Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning in the center of the Oswayo Creek at the southwest corner of a lot conveyed by John King to John James King, thence south 180 rods to the center of the public road, thence by said road south 85½ degrees east 104 rods, thence north 69½ degrees east 39.8 rods to the center of Mill Creek, thence north 157 rods to the center of Oswayo Creek; thence down the same by the several courses, and distances to the place of beginning. Containing 92 acres and 114 rods.

Also beginning at a post in the center of the public road, thence by said road east 20 rods to the northeast corner of the Burial ground, thence south 22 rods, thence east 10 rods, thence north 22 rods, to the center of the aforementioned road, thence by said road east 50 rods, thence south five-tenths of a rod to the center of the road as continued, thence by said road north 85½ degrees east 47 rods to the center of the cross road, thence by said cross road south 1½ degrees west 80.2 rods to the north line of W. J. Hornblower lot, thence west 48 rods to the northwest corner of said Hornblower lot, thence south 69.2 rods by the center of said road, thence by said road south 77 degrees west 33.2 rods, thence south 60 degrees west 16.6 rods to a post on a crook in the road, thence west 18.7 rods, thence north 167.5 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 108 acres and 10 rods. Reserving therefrom and thereout about ten acres heretofore conveyed to Leander McDonald, Ceres Township.

Improved and having thereon 2 frame houses 2 frame barns, usual out buildings and 1 orchard.

Also the undivided one-half of all petroleum and gas in or under the following described lot.

Beginning at a post the N. W. corner of Jas. H. Welch lot thence south 174.2 rods east 76 rods south 174.2 rods west 28 rods, containing 82.7 acres. Eldred Township.

Also All of the petroleum, oil and gas in or under the following described lots: Beginning at southwest corner of 950 acre tract, thence north 55.0 rods, east 157 rods, north 30 rods, east 76 rods, south 75.5 rods, west 22.7 rods to beginning. Containing 63.5 acres.

Also beginning at N. W. corner of 25 acre lot heretofore conveyed to Levi Adams, thence west 44 rods, north 85 rods, east 76.8 rods, north 60 rods, east 131.8 rods, south 81.5 rods, west 104.4 rods, north 63.5 rods to beginning. Containing 87 acres. The oil and gas right of 5.0 acres of last above described lot was afterward conveyed. Eldred Township.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Arthur B. Mann, Administrator of Wm. K. King, dec'd, at the suit of Arthur B. Mann, for use of W. A. Stevens.

11.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post of a lot sold and deeded to Cooper & Peabody by Connor and Lobaugh and recorded in the Recorder's office at Smethport, McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book "G" of deeds, page 116. Commencing at a birch tree on the north line of said lot thirty-three (33) rods east of the northwest corner of said lot; thence east by said line 77 6-10 rods to a stone in the center of Bells Run road; thence by said road south 23 degrees E. 10 2-10 rods; thence south 18 5-10 rods; thence south 23 degrees east 17 8-10 rods to a post on the bank of Taylor Brook; thence west 101 7-10 rods to the east line of the Delos Palmer lot; thence by said line north 65 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 60 70-100 acres of land more or less. Excepting and reserving about 3¼ acres of S. E. corner sold to Wm. Bly, known as the Cheese Factory lot.

Partially improved, having thereon one frame barn and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Jesse S. Bosworth, at the suit of use of D. M. Ford.

V. B. Bouton, plaintiff's attorney.

12.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of Mitchell A. Rogerson lot on the south side of Jackson avenue, City of Bradford, by deed dated November 28th, 1896; thence south 81 degrees east on the line of said Rogerson lot one hundred feet to a post and corner in the back line of lots; thence northeasterly on the back line of lots and the line of Louis D. Merrill lot twenty-eight and two-tenths feet more or less to the dividing line between the Bramley lot and the Joe DeLong lot formerly so called; thence northerly on the said division line one hundred and two and four-tenths feet to a corner on Jackson avenue; thence in a southwesterly direction on the line of Jackson avenue fifty feet to the place of beginning, and being part of lot sold to Loyal Ward by Frank A. Newell by deed date as appears of record.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold, as the property of O. Sidney Williams at the suit of Mary E. Van Wormer, now Mary E. Van Wormer Spahr, Assignee of the estate of Loyal Ward.

James George, D. H. Jack, plaintiff's attorneys.

13.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Lafayette, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the northwest corner of lot number sixty-three of the Minard Run tract, running thence south along the west line of said lot six hundred feet; thence east on a line parallel with the north line of said lot one thousand feet; thence north on a line parallel to the west line six hundred feet to the north line of said lot; and thence west along the said north line one thousand feet to the place of beginning. Being a part of lot number sixty-three (63) of said Minard Run Tract. Together with the Brick Works, fixtures and appurtenances thereon and thereunto belonging. Excepting and reserving all the oil and gas in, under and upon the land above described as reserved in deed for said premises to said P. B. Broughton and C. A. Davis. It is agreed that second parties shall have the exclusive right of spring for water as now used, with the right to lay and maintain pipe to same for the enjoyment thereof.

Improved and having thereon one large brick building used for the manufacture of pressed brick, with necessary machinery and appliances, wood storage sheds, eight kilns, pit equipments and property used in the manufacture of brick.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of P. B. Broughton and C. A. Davis with notice to John P. Melvin, Trustee in Bankruptcy, at the suit of O. F. Schonblom, Assignee of C. A. Davis.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

14.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in Subdivision No. 383 of Warrant 3589 in the Borough of Kane (formerly Wetmore township), County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the southwest corner of Elk avenue and Poplar street, being nine hundred and seventy feet west of the east line and twenty-five feet south of the north line of said subdivision, running thence along the west side of Elk avenue south, twenty-eight perches, to the northeast corner of a lot of land sold to O. D. Coleman; thence along the line of O. D. Coleman's lot west thirty-five perches; thence north nine perches; thence south seventy-eight degrees west five and one-tenth perches; thence north twenty perches to Poplar street; thence along Poplar street east forty perches to the place of beginning. Containing six acres and one hundred seventeen and one-half square perches of land more or less. Being same tract of land conveyed to Rosa Welker by R. Coulton Davis, et al., by deed dated August 7th, 1876, and recorded in Book W, page 58, Recorder's office, McKean County, Pa. Excepting out of this grant a tract of land conveyed to William J. Lawrence on November 24, 1893, described as follows: Beginning at a point in the west line of Elk avenue two hundred (200) feet south of the southwest corner of Elk avenue and Poplar street; thence north along the said west line of Elk avenue two hundred (200) feet to the southwest corner of Elk avenue and Poplar street; thence west along the south line of said Poplar street six hundred sixty-eight and two tenths (668.2) feet, more or less, to the east line of lands of White Rock Land Company; thence south along said east line of lands of White Rock Land Company three hundred twenty-nine and four tenths (329.4) feet to the north line of land of Mary Geary; thence north eighty-seven degrees east along the north side of a small spring run eighty-five and one-third (85 1-3) feet; thence south along the east line of land now of Mary Geary one hundred forty-nine and two tenths (149.2) feet; thence east along the north line of land now of Mary Geary three hundred eighty-nine and three-tenths (389.3) feet to the southwest corner of lot of land on which the residence of the party of the first part is now situate; thence north along the west line of lots Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of George W. Welker, as the same are laid out on a plan or plot of said premises prepared by M. J. Dill, surveyor, two hundred sixty-three and seven-tenths (263.7) feet; thence east along the north line of said lot No. 3 of said George W. Welker, on said plan or plot, one hundred ninety-five and two-tenths (195.2) feet to the place of beginning; being lots nos. 1 to 30, both inclusive, on said plan or plot of said premises prepared by M. J. Dill, surveyor, and the unopened streets and alleys on said plan or plot.

Improved and having thereon two two story frame dwelling houses and one one and one-half story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George Welker at the suit of Levi McGregor.

Chas. D. Hubbard, plaintiff's attorney.

15.

Defendant's interest in all the undivided one-half (½) interest in and to that certain lot of land situate in Bradford City, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north line of Main street, the southeast corner of lot No. 51; running thence northerly along the east line of said lot No. 51, ninety (90) feet; thence westerly and parallel with said Main street, thirty-nine (39) feet; thence southerly, and parallel with the first mentioned line, ninety (90) feet to the north line of said Main street and thence easterly along the said north line of Main street, thirty-nine (39) feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land conveyed to the said George C. Fagnan and Frank Gineser, by E. O. Osgood and wife, by deeds dated March 11th, 1901, and January 18th, 1902, and recorded in Deed Book Vols. 114, page 351, and Vol. 117, page 488, &c., respectively. Also hereby conveying a right of way in common with the said E. O. Osgood over and across a strip of land ten (10) feet wide, adjoining and on the north of the lands hereby conveyed.

Improved and having thereon one three story brick building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Elizabeth Fagnan, Executrix of Geo. C. Fagnan, deceased, et al., at the suit of Carrie E. Brown, Guardian, now for use of Catherine Tough.

John A. Fitzgibbon, plaintiff's attorney.

16.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron pin in the center of South Main street, the northwest corner of lot No. 14; thence south sixty-seven degrees and fifty-five minutes east sixty-six (66) feet; thence north twenty-two degrees and five minutes east, one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet; thence north sixty-seven degrees and fifty-five minutes west sixty-six (66) feet to an iron pin; thence south twenty-two degrees and five minutes west one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet to the place of beginning, and being lot No. 14 of Davis Addition to Port Allegany.

Improved and having thereon a two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. W. Sandberg, alias E. W. Sanberg, and Ella M. Sandberg, at the suit of Mrs. J. Frank Tyler.

P. L. Tyler, plaintiff's attorney.

17.

Defendant's interest in all those certain two pieces and parcels of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: First:—All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the Village of Kane in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania on the east side of Fraley street, described as Lot No. 2, otherwise numbered seventy (70) of block four (4) and further described as the second lot, numbering from the lot of Robert Lafferty, north, being the middle lot between Robert Lafferty's lot and the lot on the said Block Four (4) at the intersection of Fraley street and Greeves street; measuring in front on Fraley street forty (40) feet and in depth one hundred (100).

Second:—All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210 on Fraley street in the said borough, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east side of said street marking the northwest corner of land heretofore conveyed to Neil McEwen et al Trustees; thence by the east side of said street thirty (30) feet from the center thereof, north twenty-three and eight-tenths (23 8-10) feet; thence perpendicular thereto east one hundred (100) feet; thence parallel thereto south twenty-three and eight-tenths (23 8-10) feet; thence perpendicular thereto west one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning, containing two thousand three hundred and eighty (2380) square feet more or less.

Being the same premises conveyed to Neil MacEwen, Robert Campbell, Charles Everson, Austin Wesley, John Buckelwand, J. D. Barnes, Trustees, by William Biddle and Thomas L. Kane, Trustees by Deed dated October 4th, 1871, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book "T," pages 453 & 454, and to O. B. Lay, Robert Campbell, R. M. Campbell, M. W. Moffit, R. J. James, G. W. Campbell and W. J. Armstrong, Trustees by Evan O'N. Kane, by Deed dated December 3, 1889, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, Penn'a, in Deed Book No. 135, page 100, &c. And to the Methodist Episcopal Church of Kane, Pennsylvania, by Elizabeth D. Kane, by Deed dated July 7th, 1905, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, Pa., Deed Book, Vol. 184, page 157, &c., and by the Methodist Episcopal Church of Kane, Pennsylvania, to Willard Park Merrell, by Deed dated May 28, one thousand nine hundred and six, recorded May 29, 1906, in Deed Book 147, page 481.

Improved and having erected thereon one three story brick building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Willard Park Merrell at the suit of A. A. Clearwater.

A. F. Huey, plaintiff's attorney.

18.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels or lots of land situate, lying and being in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1st Parcel: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Annin, County and State aforesaid. BEGINNING at a post the northeast corner of land contracted to Nelson Rice, lot No. 248, thence east 100.5 rods to a post the northwest corner of lot No. 250 contracted to George W. Taylor; thence south 78 rods to a post the northeast corner of lot No. 249; thence west 100.5 rods to a post the northwest corner of lot No. 262, contracted to J. K. Still; thence north 78 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 50 acres of land strict measure be the same more or less, and being lot No. 247 of the Keating & Company allotment of lands in Annin Township and part of Warrant No. 3099, and being the same land conveyed to said Frank A. Rockwell by Benjamin Taylor et ux. by deed dated Nov. 20th, A. D. 1900, and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. 113 at page 425, reference thereto being hereby had.

Improved and having thereon one frame dwelling house, one large frame barn and usual farm buildings and good orchard.

2nd Parcel: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in said Annin Township at the Village of Turtle Point, being part of Warrant No. 15, and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a post standing in the east line of lands of the Pennsylvania Railway Company and south 43 degrees 30 minutes east 13 rods from the southeast corner of Charles Taylor, thence north 10 degrees 30 minutes east 5.5 rods to a post corner; thence south 75 degrees east 3.4 rods to a post corner; thence south 75 degrees east 13.2 feet to a post corner; thence north 18 degrees east 8 rods to a post corner; thence south 88 degrees east 0.6 rods to a post corner; thence south 46 degrees 30 minutes west 15.5 rods to a post corner, it being the northwest corner of the Jerome Robinson lot and in the line of the Pennsylvania Railway Company's lands; thence by the line of said railway lands north 33 degrees 30 minutes west 8.8 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 108.6 square rods of land strict measure be the same more or less, and being the same land conveyed to said F. A. Rockwell by John E. Case et ux. by deed dated March 20th, A. D. 1902, and recorded in said McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. 118, at page 312, reference thereto being hereby had.

Improved and having thereon two dwelling houses, one barn and usual out buildings.

3d Parcel: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in Keating Township, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post in the center of the public road leading from Smethport to Turtle Point where said highway crosses the east line of lot now or formerly of Jerome Still, thence south along said east line 23 rods to the northwest corner of lands sold to Manville Tuttle; thence east along said Tuttle's line 8 rods to a post corner; thence south along the east line of said Tuttle lot 20 rods to a post corner in the north line of said Tuttle lands; thence east along said Tuttle's north line 23 rods to a post corner; thence north 20 rods to a post corner; thence west 20 rods to post corner; thence north 1 rod and 10 links to a post corner; thence west 8 rods to a post corner; thence north 31 rods and 6 links to a post corner; thence west two rods to the place of beginning. Containing 5 acres of land strict measure be the same more or less, and being the same land conveyed to said Frank A. Rockwell by O. A. Graves by deed dated February 2d, A. D. 1892, and recorded in said McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. 66, at page 282, reference thereto being hereby had.

Improved and having thereon an orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. A. Rockwell at the suit of Elizabeth Campbell, use of W. A. Hulett, and others.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiffs' attorneys.

19.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in Hamlin Township, in the County of McKean and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, it being thirty and seven-tenths acres of land in Warrant No. 2861 and being the same land conveyed to John N. Apple by George C. Fagnan, Treasurer of McKean County, by Deed dated June 11th, 1894, and registered in Book "C," page 207, of Deeds acknowledged in open Court.

Also, all that certain piece, parcel and tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. Bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post corner in the west line of Warrant No. 2861 the southwest corner of lands of the said Norman H. Wardle; thence east along south line thereof forty-two and six-tenths rods to a post the northwest corner of lands of Monroe Robinson; thence south along the west line thereof twenty-one and one (21.1) rods to the right of way of the Mt. Jewett and Smethport Railroad; thence south sixty degrees west, thirty-six and four-tenths (36.4) rods; thence south 78 degrees west eleven and three-tenths (11.3) rods to a post at the intersection of said right of way with the west line of said Warrant No. 2861; thence north along said Warrant line forty-one and two-tenths (41.2) rods to the place of beginning. Containing nine and two-tenths acres be the same more or less. And being part of Warrant No. 2861 and part of same premises conveyed to the said Elizabeth Stark by Cora A. Richards & husband by deed bearing date March thirty-first, 1886, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 58, page 250, of McKean County Records.

Also, all that certain tract or piece of land located near Hazelhurst in Hamlin Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, being part of W. 2658. Beginning at a post, said post being the northeast corner of B. F. Hazelton's land and the northwest corner of Benson Wardle land, thence first along lands owned by Ira Wardle north one hundred and forty-six and seven-tenths (146.7) rods to a post; thence second along lands owned by Ira Wardle, east fifty-four and six-tenths (54.6) rods to a post; said post being in the east line of Warrant 2658 or the west line of Warrant 2664; thence third along said Warrant line south one hundred and forty-six and seven-tenths (146.7) rods to a post thence fourth along lands owned by Benson Wardle west fifty-four and six-tenths (54.6) rods to a post the place of beginning. Containing 50 acres more or less. And being the same land conveyed to Henry Hamlin by Thomas L. Kane and wife by Deed dated May 25, 1879, and recorded March 10, 1880, in Deed Book No. 4, pages 445, &c. Excepting 49 132-160 acres that was deeded to William Fields by deed dated May 9, 1884. Reserving nevertheless unto the parties of the first part their heirs, executors, or administrators and assigns in fee and undivided one-eighth (⅛) part or royalty of all oil or petroleum and gas, lying and being in or under the said tract of land hereby conveyed or that may be discovered in said tract of land or any time hereafter.

Saving excepting and reserving such part or portions of the foregoing described Real Estate as may have been heretofore conveyed by Norman H. Wardle inter alia.

(a) By deed to George Reinard for 1¼ acres, dated April 2, 1897, recorded in deed book No. 94, page 109, &c.

(b) By deed to Ira Wardle for three-fourths of an acre, dated June 20, 1900, recorded in deed book 100, page 475.

(c) By deed to H. D. Stoner for one acre dated February 15, 1898, recorded in deed book Vol. 100, page 552.

(d) By deed to Clara J. Housler for ½ acre, dated Nov. 9, 1898, recorded in deed book 105, page 101.

(e) By deed to Hannah Housler for ¼ acre, dated Apr. 7th, 1899, recorded in deed book 105 at page 102.

(f) By deed to Winnie Brewer for one-half acre, dated June 2, 1899, recorded in deed book 105 at page 103.

(g) By deed to Hannah Housler for 12,000 sq. ft. of land, dated June 2, 1899, recorded in deed book 106 at page 77.

(h) By deed to E. F. Nies for one acre, dated Apr. 17, 1899, recorded in deed book 106, page 482.

(i) By deed to American Window Glass Company for ¾ of an acre, dated Aug. 3, 1900, recorded in deed book 111 at page 488.

(j) By deed to Winnie Brewer for 43,560 sq. ft. of land, dated Aug. 2, 1900, recorded in deed book 111, page 537.

(k) By deed to Hannah Housler for sq. ft., dated June 7th, 1901, recorded in deed book 115 at page 432.

Subject also to lease if now in force made to A. G. Phillips, recorded in deed book 102, page 160, and subject to right of way granted to P., S. & N. R. R. Co.

Improved and having thereon 1 barn, 2 frame houses, usual out buildings, 1 orchard, 1 spring of water, about thirty acres improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of N. H. Wardle at the suit of Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

F. D. Gallup, plaintiff's attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 20, 1909.

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